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PENTHOUSE COMIX

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PENTHOUSE ComiX

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COVER ART BY SORAYAMA

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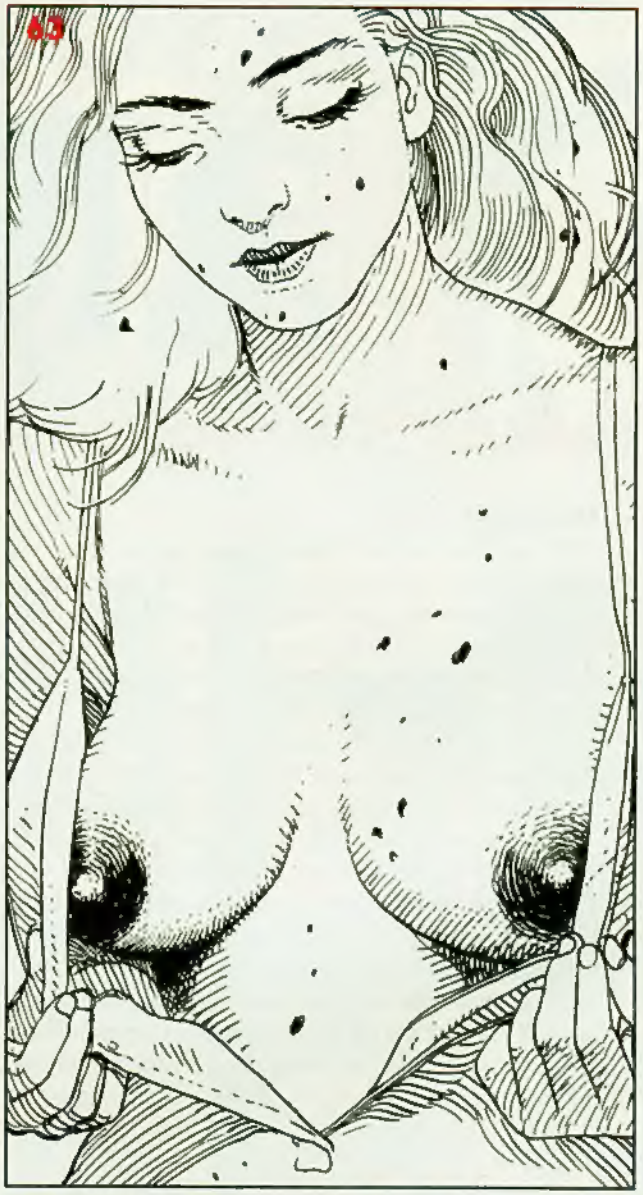
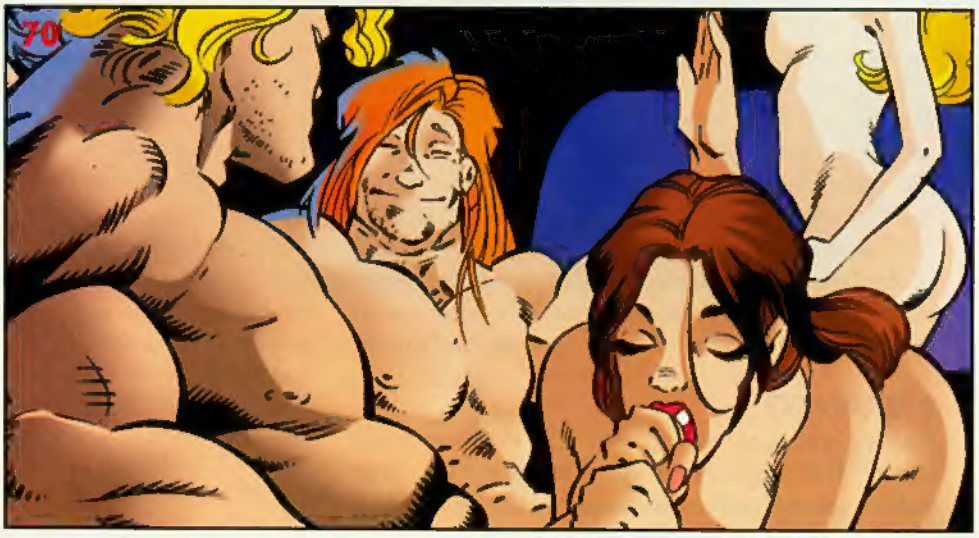
Art by Chris Wozniak & John Lowe

91 READERS SURVEY C'mon, it'll only take a few minutes and we really need to get to know you better.

92 LOVE/HATE LETTERS Read along as our readers give us 3 minutes on "high."

96 NEXT ISSUE Stay tuned! Appearing two months from now...





HOUSE CALL

Moebius

Steranko

Beachum

WHO'S WHO IN *PENTHOUSE COMIX*

MOEBIUS

With all the modern hoopla and carrying on in comics today, that one-word name still stands head and shoulders above all others in the art of the illustrated novella we call comics. Never mind that he has maintained his status when the Billionaire Boys' Club has waxed and waned, when Marvel has gone public, when "Alternative Press" is no longer a curse, and he remains at his pinnacle, unfazed by the rising sea of change about him. And thus we get him in our hot little hands. In Europe, where comics are considered an art form, Moebius' work has regularly appeared for quite some time. Moebius made his first splash in the States in *Heavy Metal Magazine*, over twenty years ago. His lean, but lush graphic style, at once linear but with life and snap, has left its mark on all professionals who have taken it in. *Airtight Garage*, *Lieutenant Blueberry* (under the pseudonym Gir), *Azrak*, and on and on are just a few of his memorable works. His attention to detail in the backgrounds and equipment of *Lieutenant Blueberry*, a story set during our Civil War, is so perfect that it could be used for historical re-creations — and yet, he had not then visited the U.S. to see the countryside he had rendered so well. But he got it right. Apparently he liked what he saw so much, he has made the U. S. of A. his home. He did design work on the spaceships in *Alien*, and in his *The Long Tomorrow*, a detective story set in a gritty future, you can see much influence on the look of the movie *Bladerunner*. Withal, we proudly and humbly present an excerpt from his most recent graphic effort, *Griffes d'Ange*. Look on and enjoy.

STERANKO

Anyone who was reading comics in 1967 can make use of that single name as shorthand for: never-before-seen-graphic-design-brilliance-applied-to-the-comic-medium. Jim Steranko's Nick Fury, Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D., burned bright and hot and has left a clear-cut scar in all our psyches. To this day, no one has equaled the effect his roaring near–Pop Art style had on the readers and the industry. He steamrolled in and went on to do several Captain Americas — again leaving indelible images and powerful graphic methods in his wake. His subtle use of panel-wide surprints (a printing technique in which a separate black & white drawing is printed as a single color — like the word "STERANKO" at the top of this copy — is now a thing of the distant hand-separation past in this slick computerized coloring age) has only recently been approached. Now, of course, anyone can do it with the flick of a mouse click. He published *Prevue Magazine*, long on style and completeness of coverage of the movie industry, and put out the long-awaited *History of Comics*. See now, the greatness that is Steranko.

MARK BEACHUM

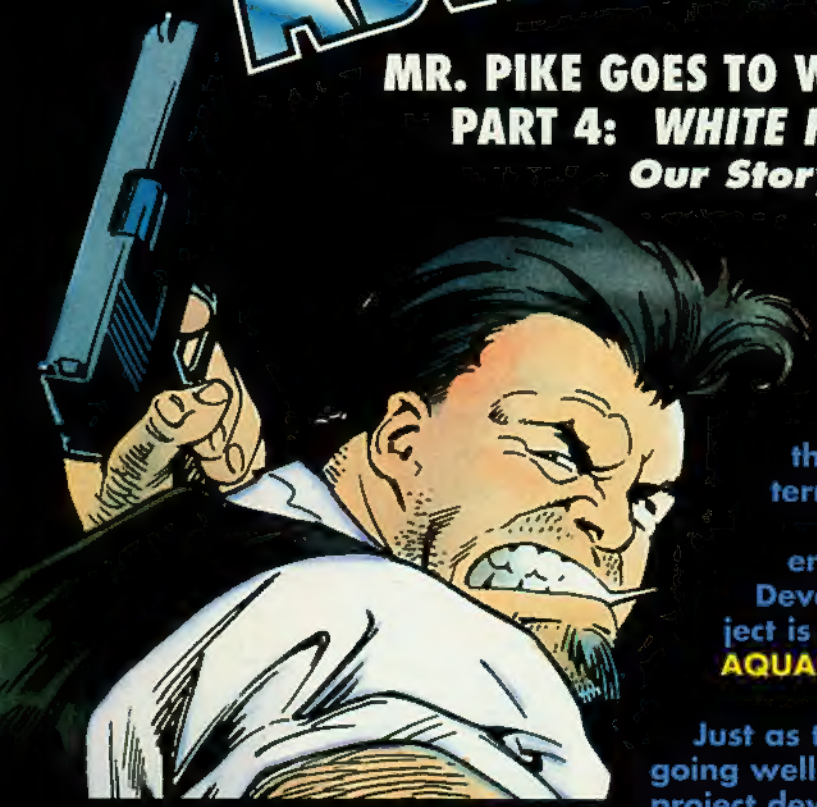
FEMMEROTISEXIVISION — a point of view honoring the power and erotic mystery of the force called "female." Mark's desire to explore the boundaries of explicit eroticism has found a forum here that, at least superficially, allows a range that shows what he has done in his pro career is only the tip of the iceberg. His painted work is mouthwatering, and of course, we want more and will get it; he is hard at work on a project called Night Klaw — soon to debut here in *Penthouse Comix*. But you should see his ink work; his line is reaching the maturity of a master, and someday we will present a portfolio of that worthy style. For now, sample the must-see final installment of Backlash. As TAFKAP (The Artist Formerly Known as Prince) would say — 2 SEXY!!

—ERB

young CAPTAIN ADVENTURE™

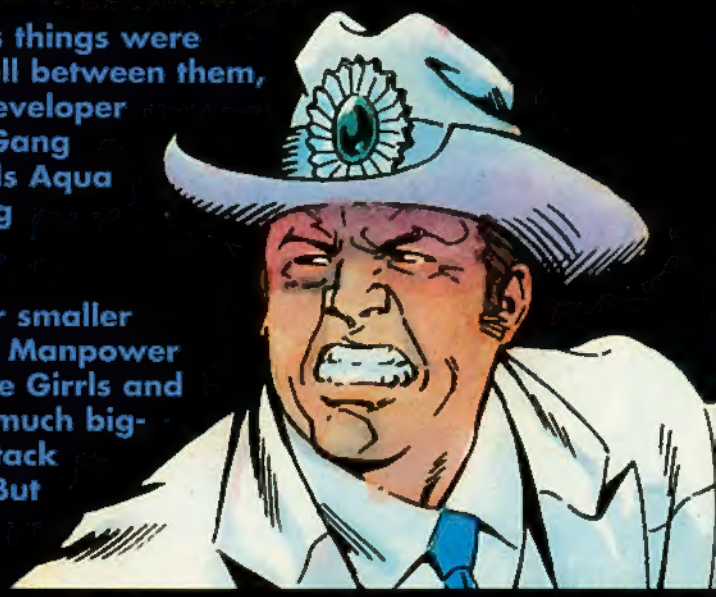
MR. PIKE GOES TO WASHINGTON
PART 4: *WHITE HOUSE BLUES*

Our Story Thus Far:



CAPTAIN ADVENTURE is Joey Pike, the latest of his family to use the Burning Ring O' Power to fight for right and justice. Joey is the most recent celebrity to be tapped by Washington and is serving the last month of Senator John Blutarski's term. In D.C., and with his pal Pete Kodiak (**"MANPOWER"**), Pike is immediately enmeshed in the troublesome Deep Water Development Project. His interest in the project is mainly from the earnestness of lobbyist **AQUALINE HYDE-WHITE.**

Just as things were going well between them, project developer **MACDONALD NEMESIS** and his Tong Girrl Gang attack them in Joey's offices. Nemesis holds Aqua hostage for the Burning Ring O' Power.

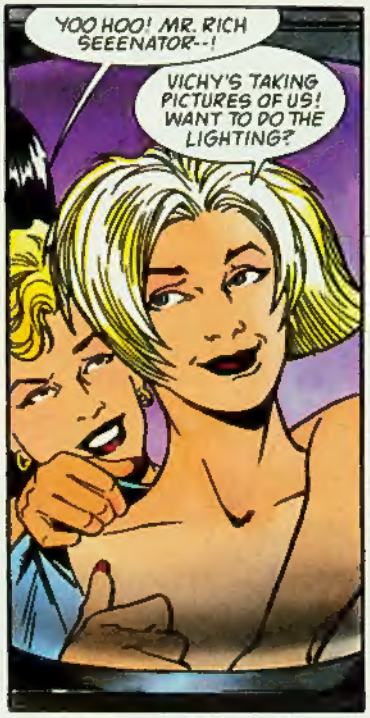


Even with their smaller guns, Pike and Manpower win against the Girrls and finally do get much bigger guns to attack Nemesis with. But he drops Aqua overboard and Joey heroically goes after her. Can the bottom be far away?

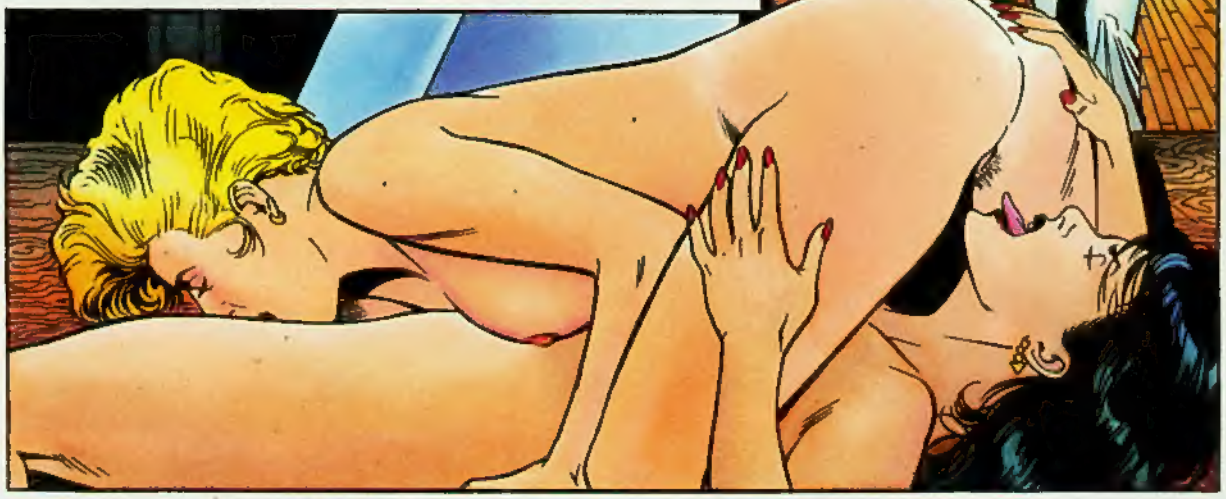
WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton & Vallely
PENCILS: Matt Haley INKS: Bob Wiacek
COLORS: Suydam LETTERS: Bob Pinaha

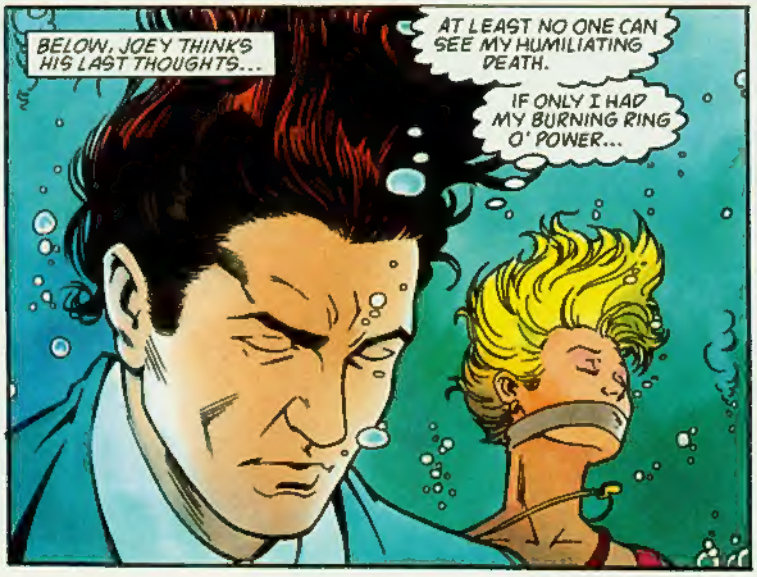
DEEP BELOW THE POTOMAC, YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE STRUGGLES AGAINST HIS BONDS. HIS GIRLFRIEND, AQUALINE FLOATS NEARBY, NEAR DEATH...
THIS IS IT... I AND THE WOMAN I LOVE ARE GOING TO DIE...
...WELL, AT LEAST I CAN TAKE COMFORT IN THE FACT THAT I'VE GOT A ONE-HUNDRED PERCENT PERFECT FIGHTING RECORD...
...IN MY ENTIRE SUPERHERO CAREER, I NEVER WON A FIGHT!
WHILE ABOARD SENATOR NEMESIS' PLEASURE YACHT...
CONGRATS, VICHY!
NOW, HEH HEH--WHAT WAS THE PIKE BRAT, YOUNG CAPTAIN ASSHOLE, KNOWN FOR? HERICANE BEATING HIM UP, DARKBLOOD DEFEATING HIM, INVOLVED IN SOME POLITICAL SCANDAL...?
HONH, HONH, HONH! KILLING HIM WAS, AS YOU SAID, ALMOST TOO EASY, MONSIEUR SENATOR!
:GIGGLE!: READY FOR YOUR CELEBRATION, MR. N.?

IN A MINUTE! I'VE GOT TO PROGRAM MY DEFENSE ROBOTS! IF ONE OF LOSER-BOY'S SUPER-POWERED GIRLFRIENDS DROPS BY--


YOO HOO! MR. RICH SEEENATOR--!
VICHY'S TAKING PICTURES OF US! WANT TO DO THE LIGHTING?

WELL, THIS DOES BRIGHTEN UP MY DAY A BIT, GALS...




BELOW, JOEY THINKS HIS LAST THOUGHTS...
AT LEAST NO ONE CAN SEE MY HUMILIATING DEATH.
IF ONLY I HAD MY BURNING RING O' POWER...

WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO JUST DROPPED IN, SANS POWER RING!
...I...I MUST BE DREAMING... OR I'M ALREADY DEAD!

NOPE! I'M YOUR GRANDFATHER CAPTAIN ADVENTURE, AS SEEN THROUGH A NEAR-DEATH DELIRIUM!
HE LOOKS LIKE MR. PICTOWSKI, THE JANITOR FROM THE KIRBY BUILDING!
THAT RING YOU LOST...

"...I GOT THE RING IN A DIME STORE, TWENTY YEARS AGO. FELLA NAMED GRACCIO GAVE ME A WHOLE BOX OF THEM FOR FOILING A STICK-UP."

"I GAVE ONE TO YOUR DAD, AS A SYMBOL..."
"...BUT HE DIDN'T NEED IT, NEITHER!"
NEW POWER

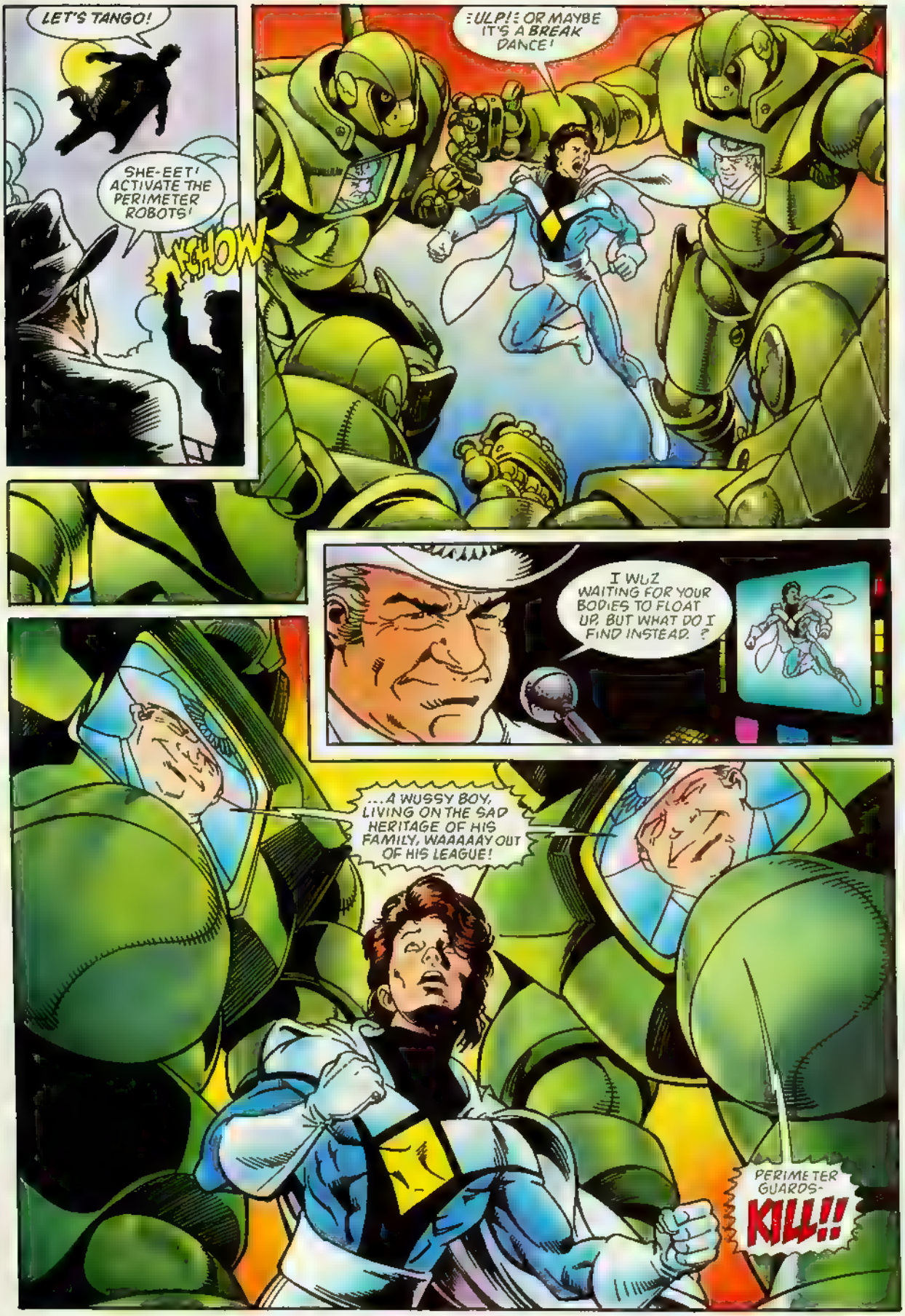
DAD!
THEY'RE RIGHT PRETTY, THOSE RINGS, BUT THERE AIN'T NO POWER IN THEM, JOEY-BOY. NOT A LICK.

"THE POWER'S INSIDE YOU."
"ME?"
"I NEEDED WHATEVER MAGIC THE ORIGINAL RING POSSESSED, BUT MY CHILDREN, JOEY... THEY'RE BORN WITH THE POWER!"
"THERE'S JUST ONE THING YOU NEED, JOEY, TO USE IT..."

ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS GET GOOD AND MAD!
REMEMBER--
"--WHEN YOUR OLD GIRLFRIEND, EMILY FELDMAN, TRASHED YOUR APARTMENT WHEN YOU BROKE UP?!"
"YOU LIKED THAT, SLACKER BOY? CRUSHED IT LIKE SENATOR NEMESIS UP ABOVE TRASHED YOU AND THE BARELY ALIVE WOMAN BESIDE YOU? YOU A LOSER? YOU A COWARD, JOEY BOY, HUH?!"

NOOOOOO!

I HATE TO INTERRUPT YOUR FUN, SENA--
SENATOOOR!


LET'S TANGO!
SHE-EET! ACTIVATE THE PERIMETER ROBOTS!
KSCHOW
:ULP!: OR MAYBE IT'S A BREAK DANCE!
I WUZ WAITING FOR YOUR BODIES TO FLOAT UP. BUT WHAT DO I FIND INSTEAD. ?
...A WUSSY BOY, LIVING ON THE SAD HERITAGE OF HIS FAMILY, WAAAAAY OUT OF HIS LEAGUE!
PERIMETER GUARDS-
KILL!!

"REMEMBER, BOY, THE RING'S ONLY A CRUTCH! A PROP!"

KZZZZT-!

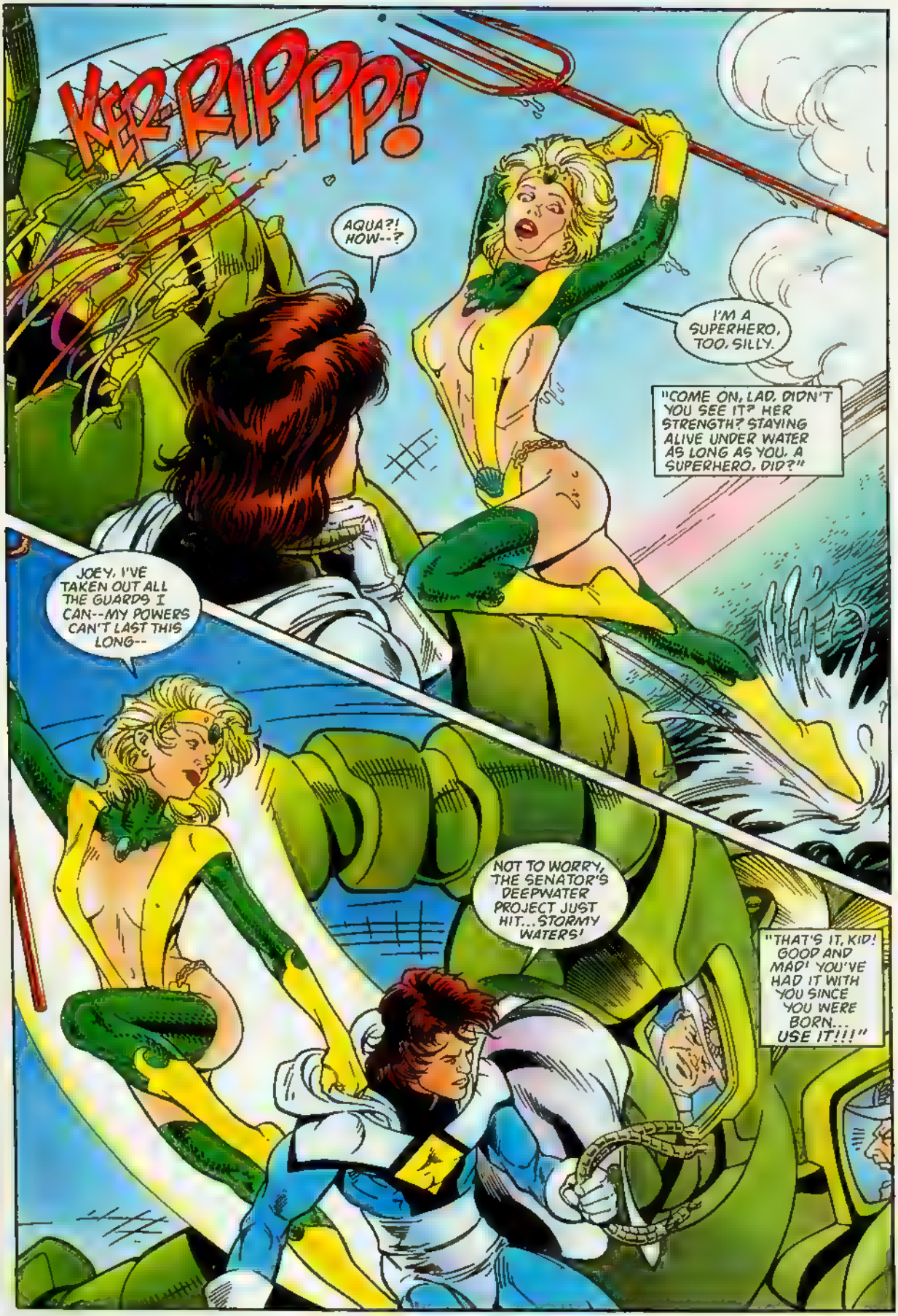
PLUNK

"AND REMEMBER.. THE CITADEL!"

SHUT UP, OLD MAN!

KA-SHAK

WHAT NOW?!!


KER-RIPPP!
AQUA?! HOW--?
I'M A SUPERHERO, TOO, SILLY.
"COME ON, LAD, DIDN'T YOU SEE IT? HER STRENGTH? STAYING ALIVE UNDER WATER AS LONG AS YOU. A SUPERHERO, DID?"
JOEY, I'VE TAKEN OUT ALL THE GUARDS I CAN--MY POWERS CAN'T LAST THIS LONG--
NOT TO WORRY, THE SENATOR'S DEEPWATER PROJECT JUST HIT... STORMY WATERS!
"THAT'S IT, KID! GOOD AND MAD! YOU'VE HAD IT WITH YOU SINCE YOU WERE BORN... USE IT!!!"

AQUA!
SA-MACK
UNH!
IF YOU THOUGHT I WAS MAD BEFORE--
--YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE ME NOW!

OH--!
YOU WANT A PIECE OF ME NEXT?!
RRRR--!
CRR-SHHHH
KRUNCH
AH!
SHR-RRK
ZZT
A BLOATED SENATOR AND HIS LIGHTWEIGHT FRENCH SIDEKICK? ROBOTS?
AREN'T THERE MORE?! IS THAT IT?!! IS THAT ALL THERE IS?!?!!
J-JOEY...?
TH-THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU...

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, A COAST GUARD CUTTER ARRIVES ..

JOEY, WHAT WE BOTH HAVE IS NOT A HANDICAP, IT'S. . A POWER.

HMPH. I FOUND THIS "POWER" INSIDE ME. MY DREAM, VISION-- WHATEVER-- TOLD ME.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, JOEY, THEN I SAVED YOURS. WE LIKED EACH OTHER . I HOPED WE COULD GO SOMEWHERE--

EXACTLY. WHEN I WAS TALKING TO WHAT I THINK WAS MY GRAND-FATHER, I WAS ALSO TOLD THE LOCATION OF A PLACE--

--A PLACE THAT IS NOW MY INHERITANCE...

...A FORTRESS THAT HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS...

"...THE CITADEL OF SILENCE THAT BELONGED TO MY FATHER WHO BORE THE NAME-- JUST LIKE I WILL NOW--"

"--CAPTAIN ADVENTURE"

SORAYAMA

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DOCTOR DARE SPACE: 1939™

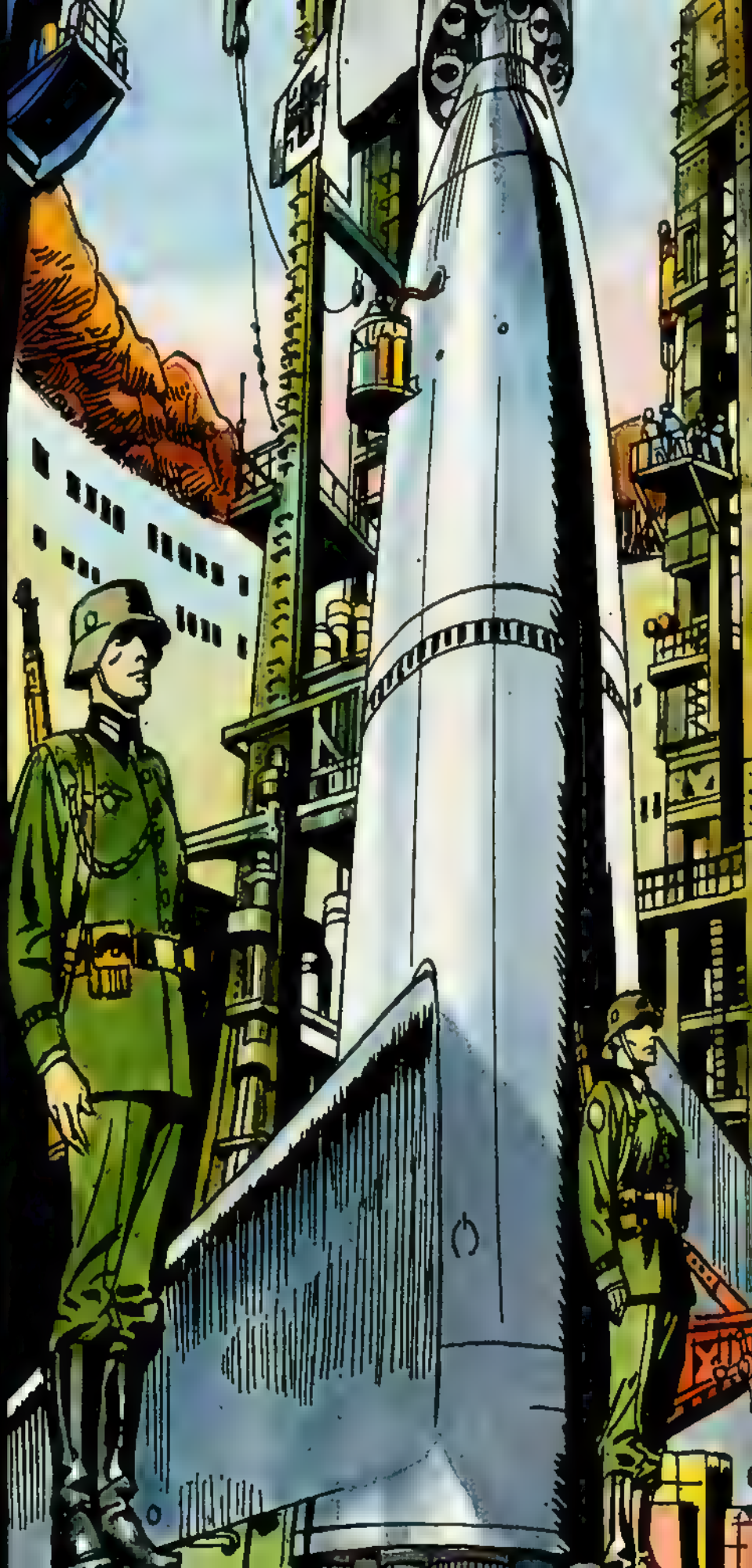
EPISODE 3: The Cull of the Kodiak

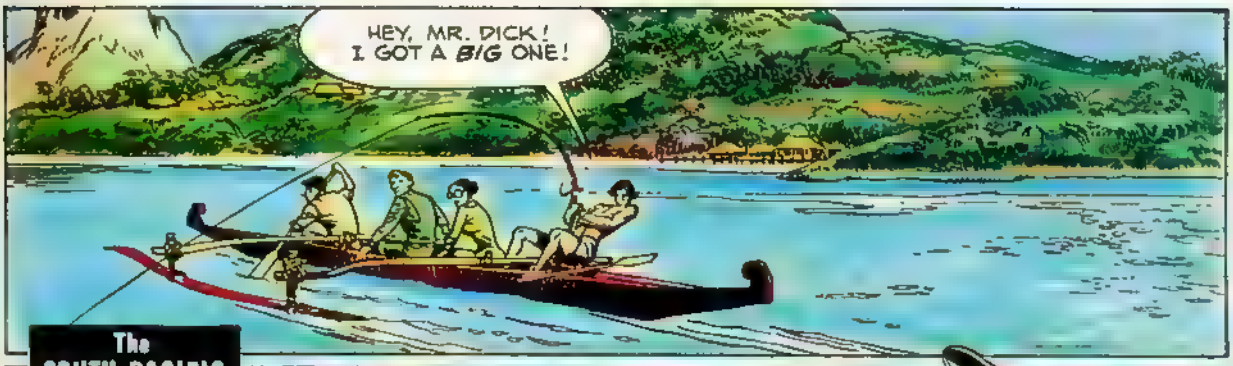
Our Story Thus Far:

DR. JOANNA DARE, beautiful biochemist is the inventor and only taker of "The Gladiator Serum," which confers invulnerability and the strength of 50 men whenever she has sex. Frisky First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt has enlisted Doc Dare as an American secret agent in pre-war 1939. Joanna has joined forces with DR. HARLAN SUGARHILL, American rocket scientist, to investigate wild rumors of Nazi rocket bases in the Pacific. Their island field agent and guide is young Richard Nixon. While Drs. Dare and Sugarhill separately toss and turn in the hot tropic night, Sugarhill dreams of rescuing Joanna from a trainload of Nazis. On horseback, Sugarhill takes them all out and frees Joanna who thanks him in a passionate way.

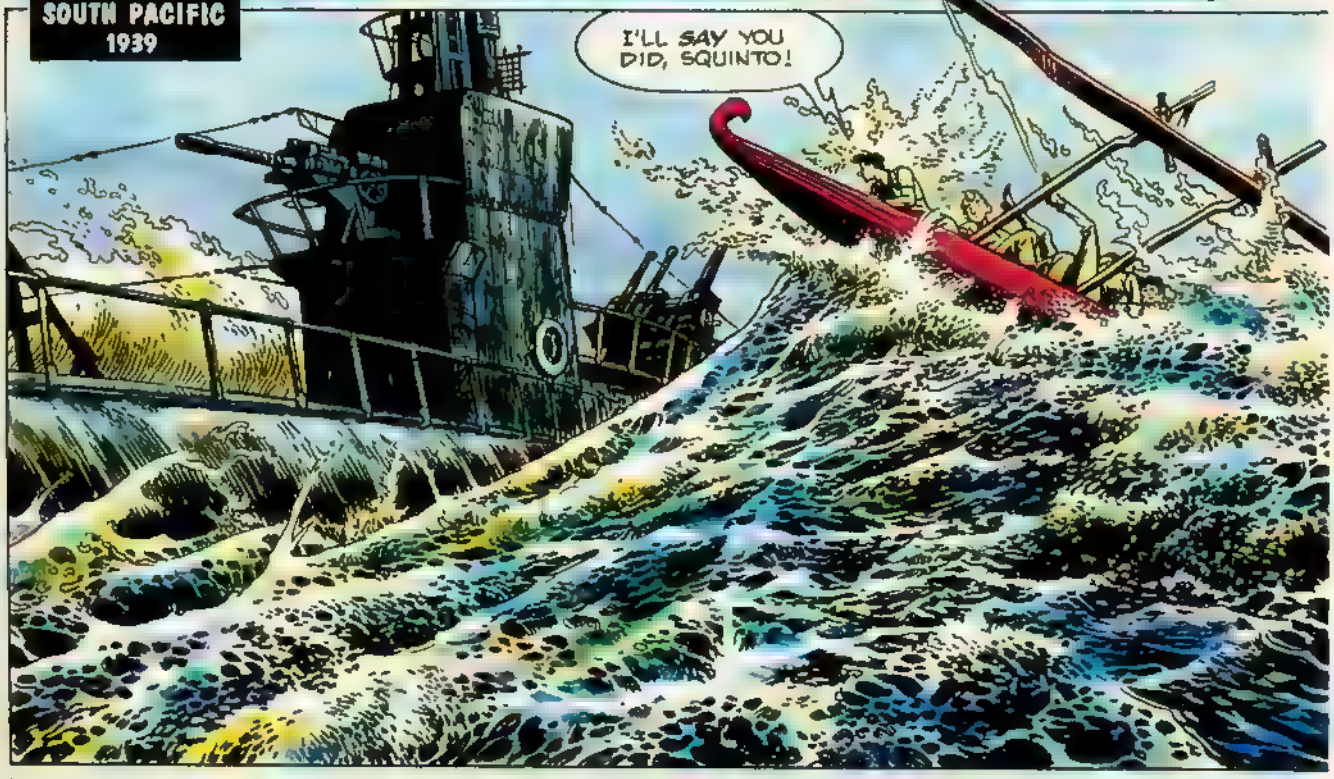
Joanna has a similar dream, but ominously pictures herself as Nazi operative AGENT D, who was instrumental in causing Joanna's superhero status and is presumed dead. Meanwhile, Agent D, very much alive and the slave of Werner Von Braun, a young Nazi rocket scientist, goes to meet with Japanese agent provocateur, PRINCESS SINFAR.

WRITER: Mark McClellan
ARTIST: Dan Barry
LETTERS: Gail Beckett



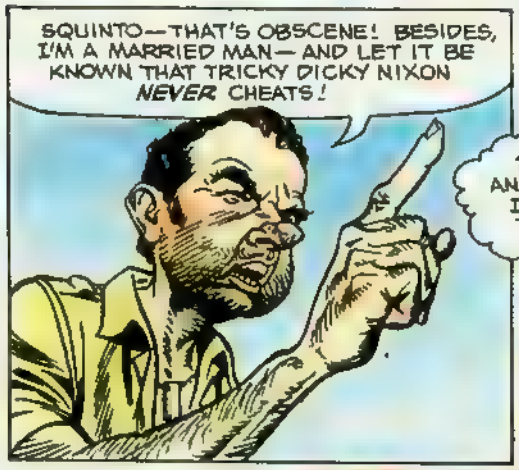


The SOUTH PACIFIC 1939



DAMNED ELEANOR. NEXT THING, YOU'LL HAVE WOMEN IN THE NAVY... EVEN AS OFFICERS!
NEVER HAPPEN!

GOOD LUCK, MISS DARE, DR. SUGARHILL. I'M... SNIFF... GOING TO MISS HER!
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, MR. DICK. VA-VA-VOOM!

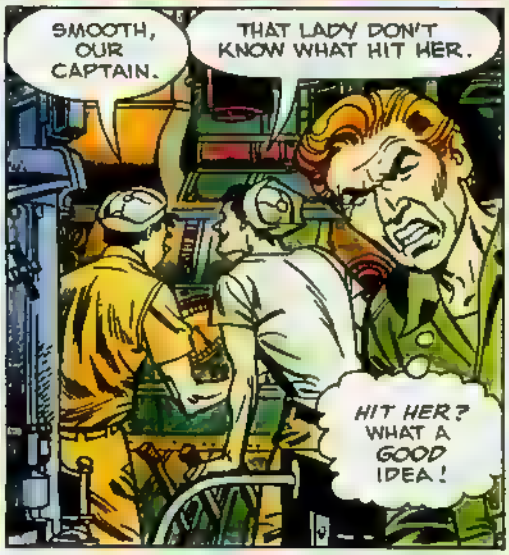

SQUINTO—THAT'S OBSCENE! BESIDES, I'M A MARRIED MAN—AND LET IT BE KNOWN THAT TRICKY DICKY NIXON NEVER CHEATS!

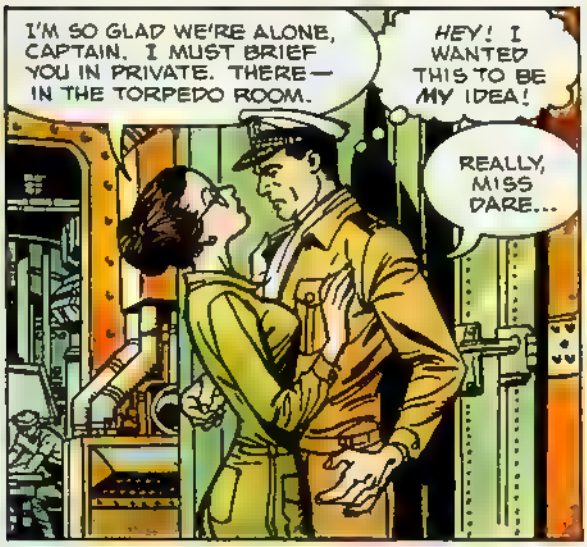
PREPARE TO SUBMERGE. WE'LL MAKE FOR THE NORTH SHORE OF HALLOWEEN ISLAND FOR A NIGHT-TIME INSERTION.
THERE'S AN INSERTION I'D LIKE TO MAKE...

JOANNA, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU PRIVATELY. I WAS TO GO ONTO HALLOWEEN ISLAND ALONE. YOU'RE A CAPABLE WOMAN, I'M SURE, BUT...
BUT NOT A GOOD BODYGUARD? IS THAT ALL YOU'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT? THOSE DREAMS LAST NIGHT...?

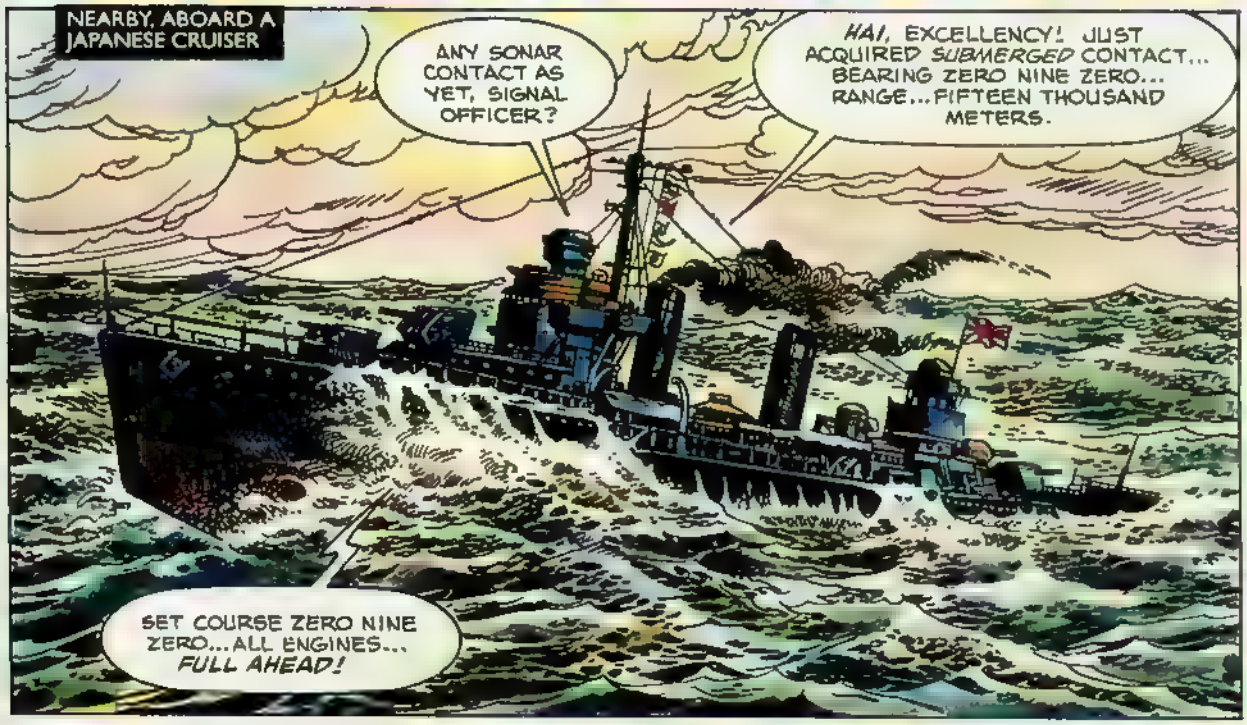
SUCH A JERK! WHY AM I FALLING FOR HIM? THAT GORGEOUS TOOL I GOT A PEEK AT? WHATEVER— I DON'T WANT HIM TO BE THE ONE TO SET OFF MY POWERS.

MA'AM, IT'S AN OLD NAVY CUSTOM TO SHOW A LADY AROUND A SHIP, SO...
OH, WOULD YOU?

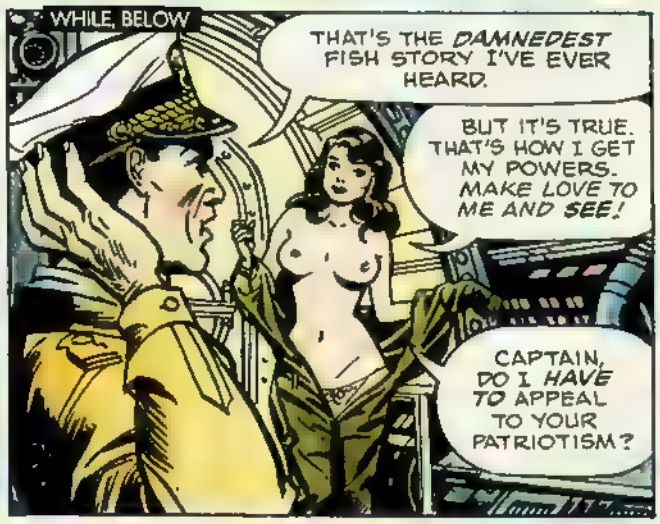

SMOOTH, OUR CAPTAIN.
THAT LADY DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HER.
HIT HER? WHAT A GOOD IDEA!


I'M SO GLAD WE'RE ALONE, CAPTAIN. I MUST BRIEF YOU IN PRIVATE. THERE— IN THE TORPEDO ROOM.
HEY! I WANTED THIS TO BE MY IDEA!
REALLY, MISS DARE...

I THINK I'D BETTER GET BACK TO...
NO, LISTEN. I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT MY SPECIAL POWERS... POWERS WHICH CONVINCED THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF TO SEND ME ON THIS MISSION.


NEARBY, ABOARD A JAPANESE CRUISER
ANY SONAR CONTACT AS YET, SIGNAL OFFICER?
HAI, EXCELLENCY! JUST ACQUIRED SUBMERGED CONTACT... BEARING ZERO NINE ZERO... RANGE...FIFTEEN THOUSAND METERS.
SET COURSE ZERO NINE ZERO...ALL ENGINES... FULL AHEAD!

PRINCESS SINFAR HAS CHARGED US PERSONALLY WITH PROTECTING THESE WATERS OFF HALLOWEEN ISLAND...
AND YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF WE FAIL...!


WHILE, BELOW
THAT'S THE DAMNEDEST FISH STORY I'VE EVER HEARD.
BUT IT'S TRUE. THAT'S HOW I GET MY POWERS. MAKE LOVE TO ME AND SEE!
CAPTAIN, DO I HAVE TO APPEAL TO YOUR PATRIOTISM?

The NAZI BASE ON HALLOWEEN ISLAND

I GROW IMPATIENT, HERR DOKTOR VON BRAUN. IS YOUR LAUNCH NOT BEHIND SCHEDULE?

WITH SOME THANKS TO *YOU*, PRINCESS SINFAR—YES, SOMEWHAT.

YOU *INSISTED* UPON SETTING UP YOUR THRONE RIGHT ON MY LAUNCH FACILITIES FOR A CLOSER LOOK... I HAVE *WARNED* YOU, PRINCESS...STAY HERE AND YOU AND YOUR ENTOURAGE WILL BE REDUCED TO ASHES WHEN I PROCEED WITH THE LAUNCH!

HRRR...

SERGEANT SATO! *NO!* YOU ARE UPSETTING OUR GUESTS.

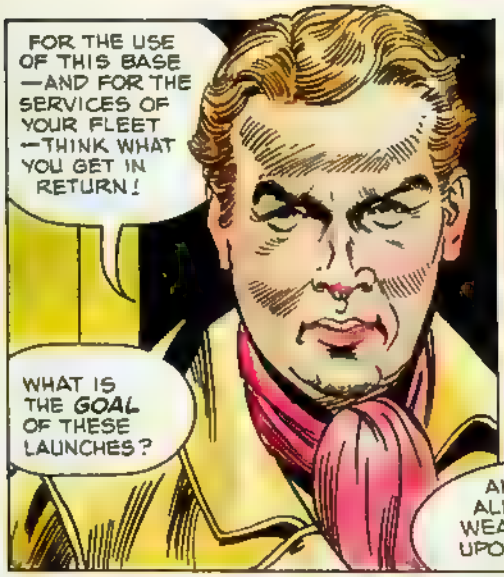
GUESTS?! THIS IS A *GERMAN* BASE, PRINCESS!

ON AN ISLAND UNDER *JAPAN'S* BENEVOLENT PROTECTION!

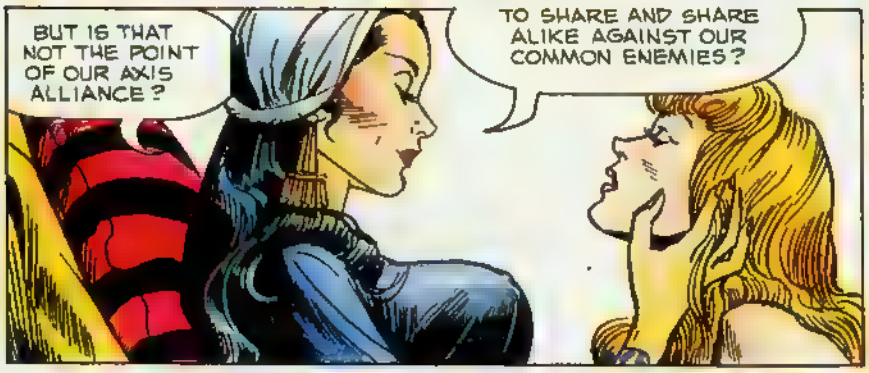
AN ISLAND YOU *NEED*, HERR DOKTOR, IN ORDER TO MAKE A PROPER ORBITAL LAUNCH!

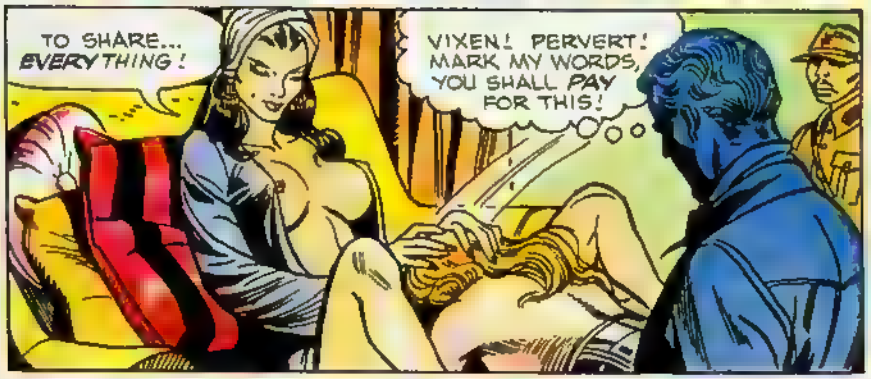
AM I NOT RIGHT, DOKTOR?

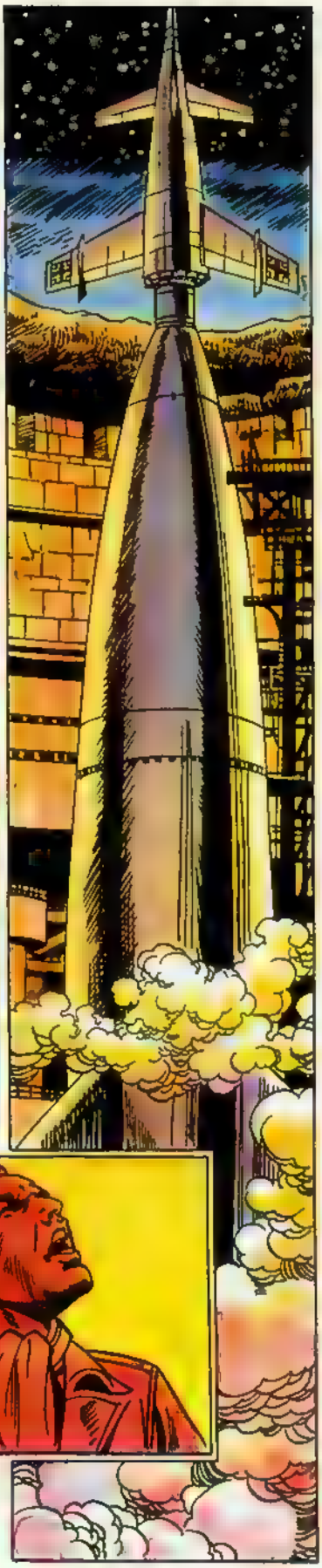
YES, QUITE RIGHT. BUT...


FOR THE USE OF THIS BASE —AND FOR THE SERVICES OF YOUR FLEET —THINK WHAT YOU GET IN RETURN!
WHAT IS THE GOAL OF THESE LAUNCHES?

TO TEST MY NEW SUPER-VENGEANCE ROCKET... A WEAPON THAT DWARFS MY DREADED V-2.
AND YOU — OUR TRUSTED ALLIES — SHALL HAVE THAT WEAPON TO RAIN DESTRUCTION UPON THE AMERICAN MAINLAND!

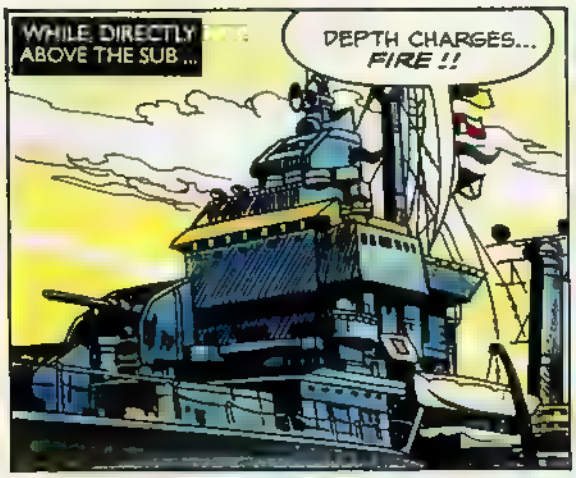

BUT IS THAT NOT THE POINT OF OUR AXIS ALLIANCE?
TO SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE AGAINST OUR COMMON ENEMIES?

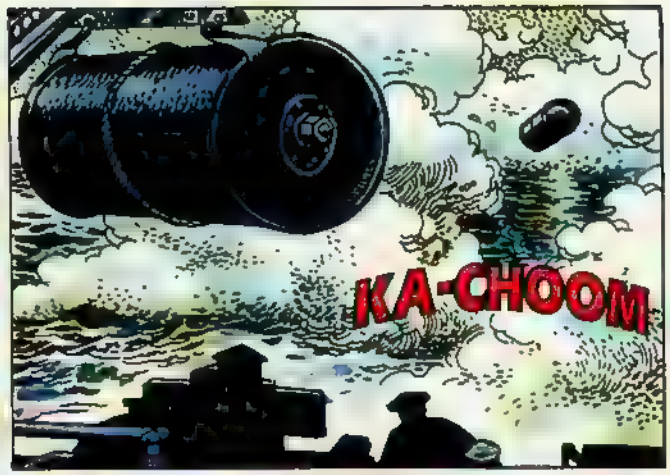

TO SHARE... EVERYTHING!
VIXEN! PERVERT! MARK MY WORDS, YOU SHALL PAY FOR THIS!

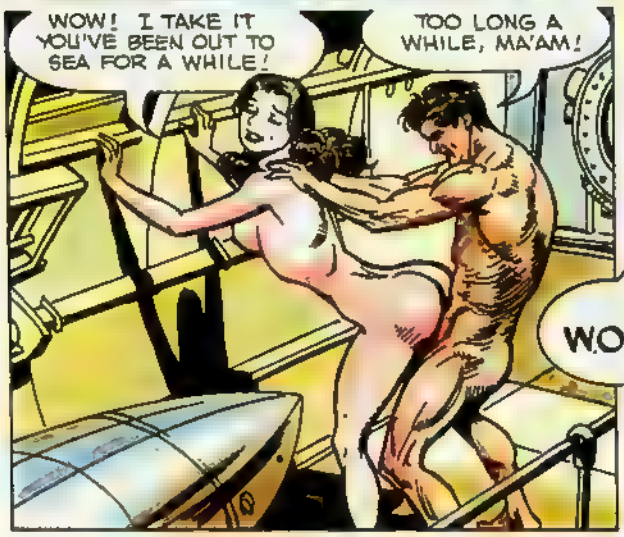


MY CREWS REPORT ALL IN READINESS, HERR DOKTOR!
WE ARE STILL WITHIN THE PARAMETERS OF OPTIMAL ORBIT TIME...

FINE! BEGIN THE COUNTDOWN, HERR OBERST!

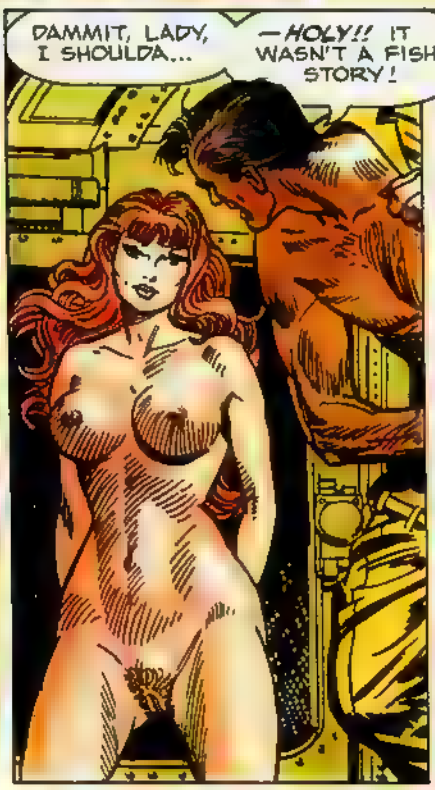

WHILE DIRECTLY ABOVE THE SUB...
DEPTH CHARGES... FIRE !!


KA-CHOOM

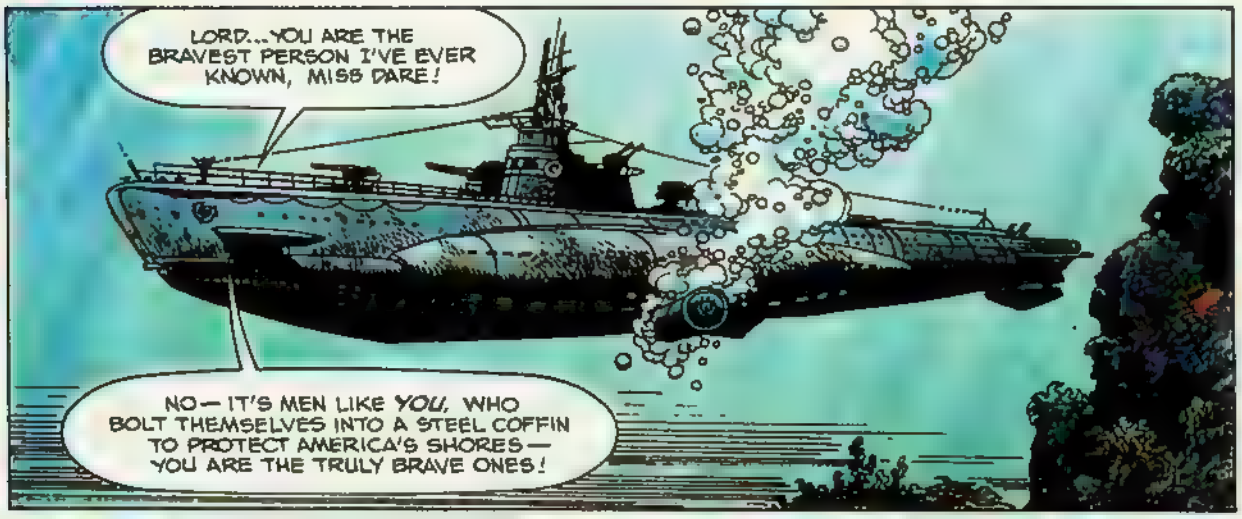

WOW! I TAKE IT YOU'VE BEEN OUT TO SEA FOR A WHILE!
TOO LONG A WHILE, MA'AM!
WOW!

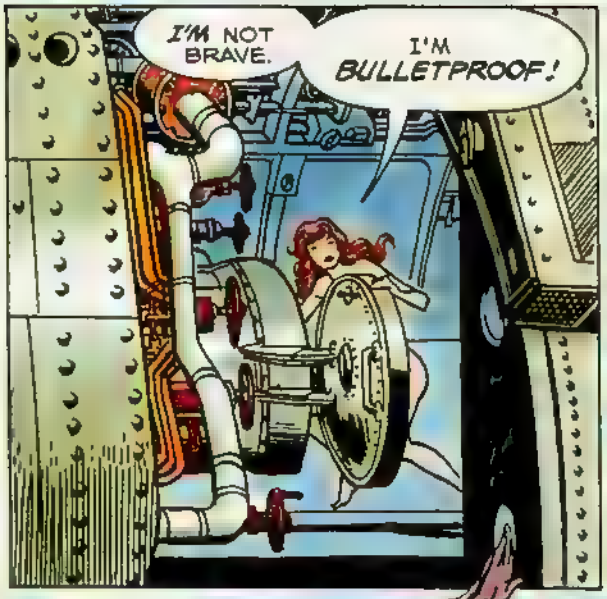
WHA...?!
KA-CHOOM

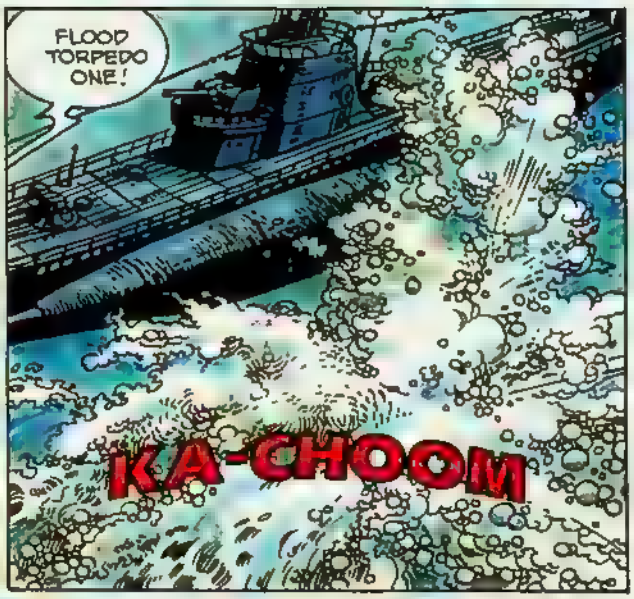
CONTACT DIRECTLY OVERHEAD, SIR!
BATTLE STATIONS!

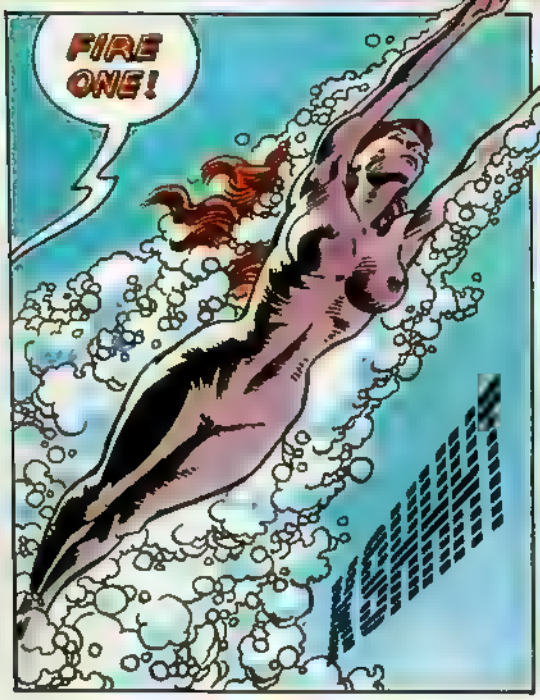

DAMMIT, LADY, I SHOULDA...
—HOLY!! IT WASN'T A FISH STORY!

LIKE I SAID, YOU DID YOUR DUTY, NOW I CAN DO MINE! THE EFFECT LASTS FOR EIGHT HOURS...
SO I WILL BE THE FIRST TORPEDO FIRED AT THAT JAP CRUISER!


LORD...YOU ARE THE BRAVEST PERSON I'VE EVER KNOWN, MISS DARE!
NO— IT'S MEN LIKE *YOU*, WHO BOLT THEMSELVES INTO A STEEL COFFIN TO PROTECT AMERICA'S SHORES— YOU ARE THE TRULY BRAVE ONES!


I'M NOT BRAVE.
I'M *BULLETPROOF!*


FLOOD TORPEDO ONE!
KA-CHOOM

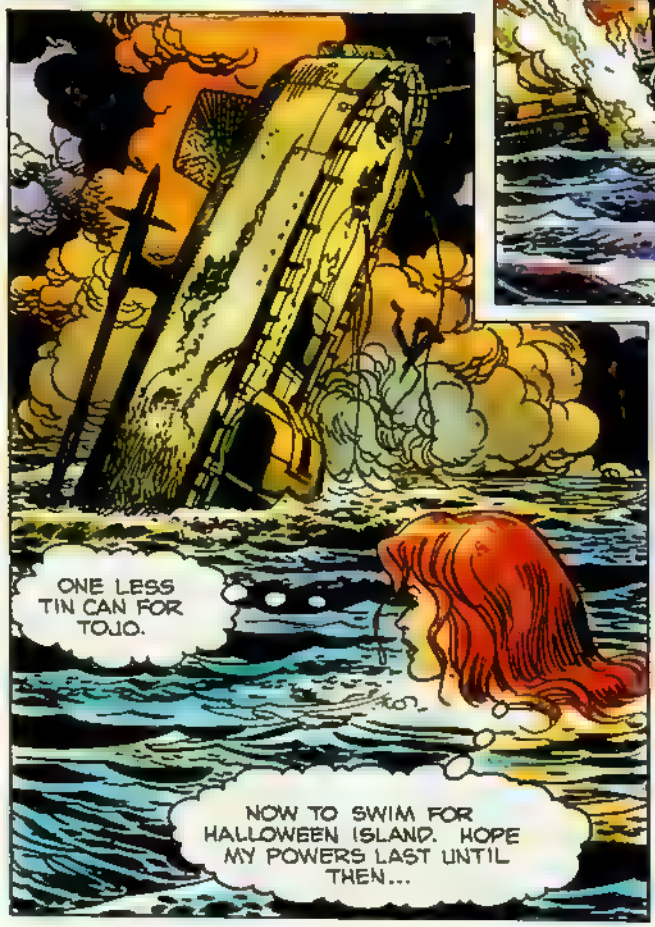

FIRE ONE!
KERWHAM!

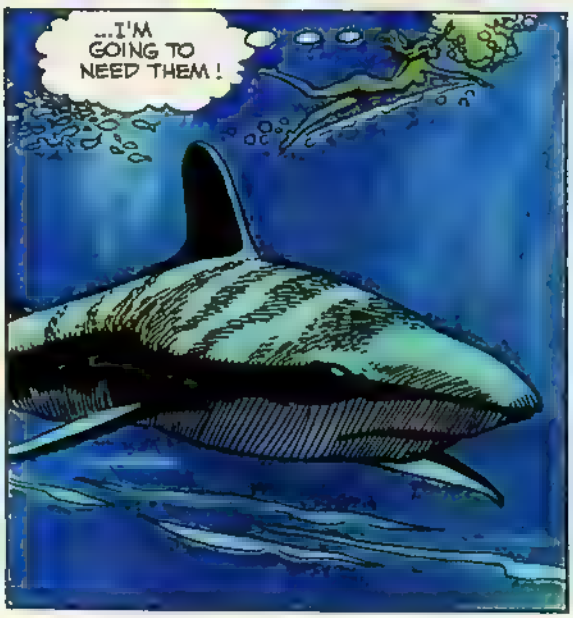
LOOK, A SURVIVOR! STANDARD PROTOCOL.
OPEN FIRE!

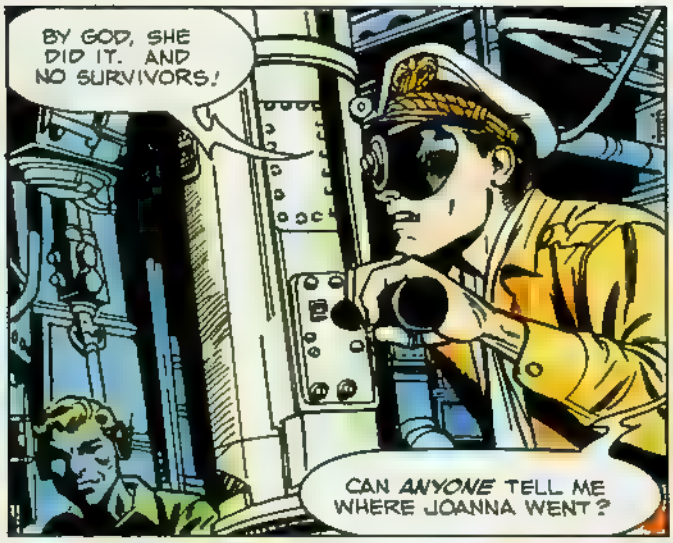
KCHUNG KCHUNG THUK THUK CHUNKA

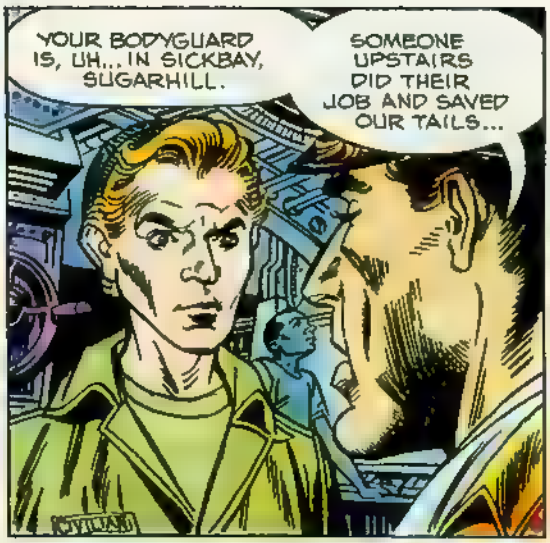
THAT'S FOR CHINA..
AND THE RAPE OF NANKING...
RRRRIP

YOU BASTARDS!
AIIEE!
THOOM


ONE LESS TIN CAN FOR TOJO.
NOW TO SWIM FOR HALLOWEEN ISLAND. HOPE MY POWERS LAST UNTIL THEN...

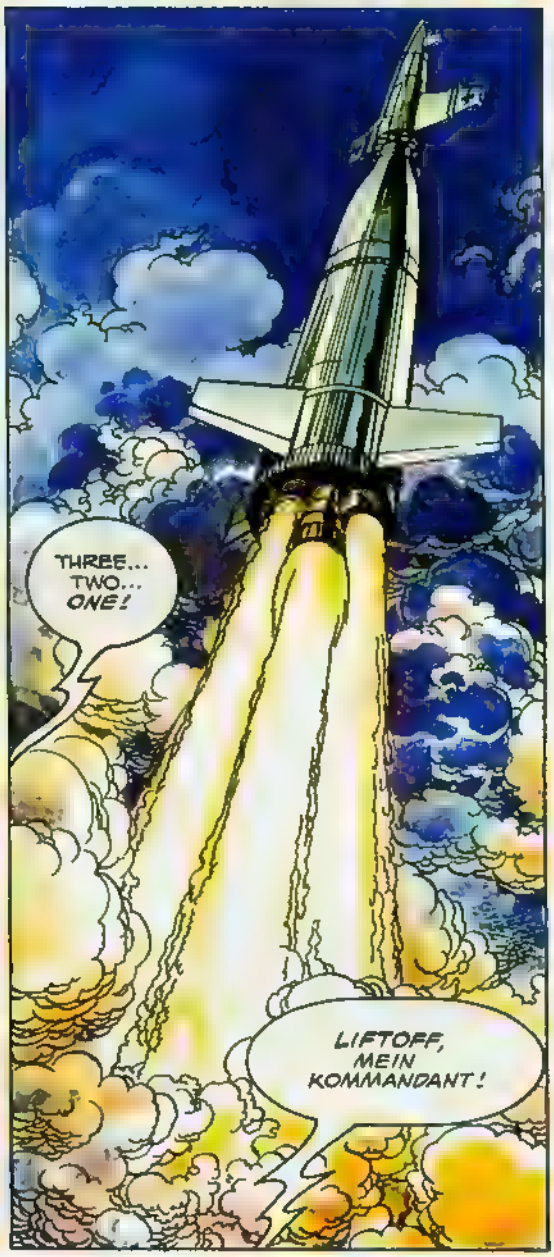

...I'M GOING TO NEED THEM!


BY GOD, SHE DID IT. AND NO SURVIVORS!
CAN *ANYONE* TELL ME WHERE JOANNA WENT?


YOUR BODYGUARD IS, UH... IN SICKBAY, SUGARHILL.
SOMEONE UPSTAIRS DID THEIR JOB AND SAVED OUR TAILS...

NOW YOU DO *YOURS!*

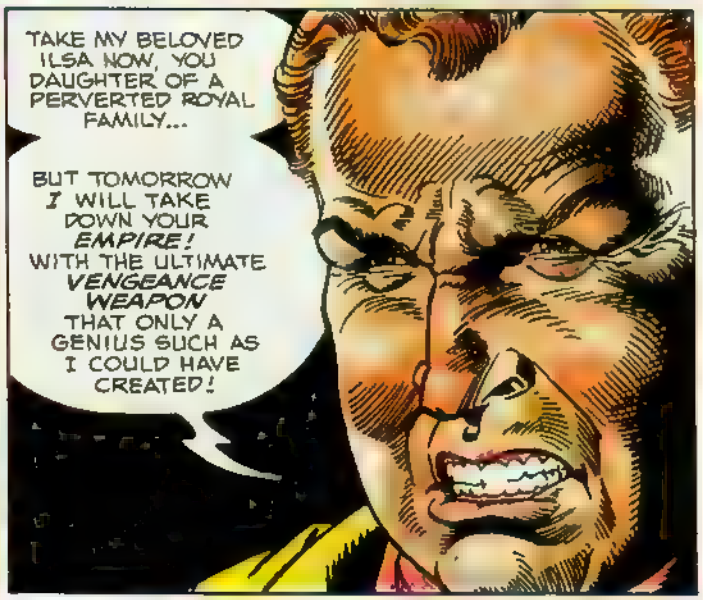
WE'LL BE DROPPING YOU OFF THE ISLAND'S COAST *TONIGHT!*
...SIX... FIVE... FOUR...

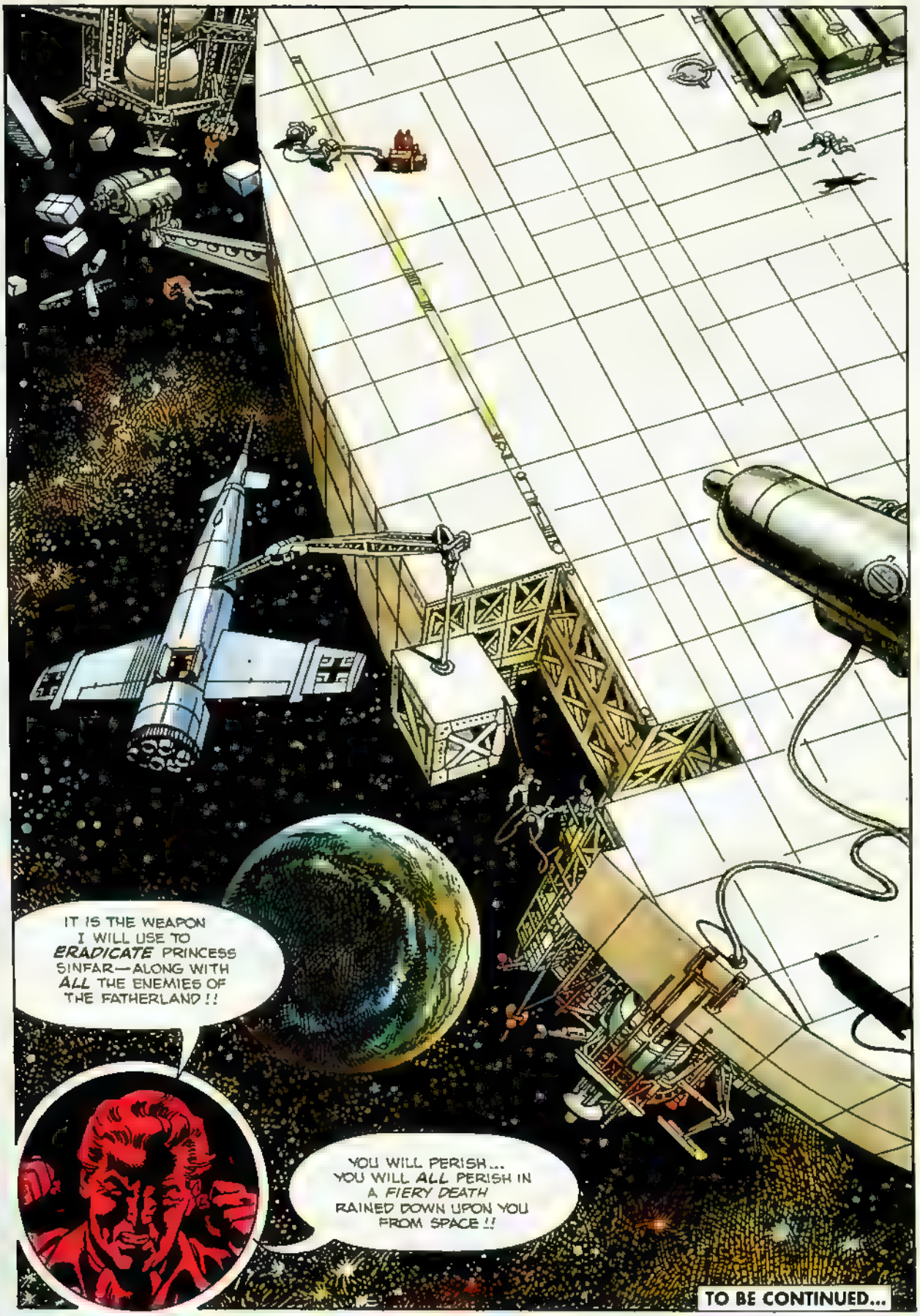

THREE... TWO... *ONE!*
LIFTOFF, MEIN KOMMANDANT!

YOU SEE, MY ANGEL, AGENT D? WE'VE DONE IT! MAN HAS CONQUERED THE SKY AND IT SHALL BE A NAZI MOON THAT RISES OVER A NEW WORLD ORDER!

YOU MEAN AXIS MOON, DO YOU NOT, HERR DOKTOR?
NATURLICH, PRINCESS. AN AXIS MOON.
HRRR...

OF COURSE. NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, THE LAUNCH HAS TIRED ME AND I MUST RETIRE TO MY CHAMBERS...
...TO RELEASE MY TENSIONS!


TAKE MY BELOVED ILSA NOW, YOU DAUGHTER OF A PERVERTED ROYAL FAMILY...
BUT TOMORROW I WILL TAKE DOWN YOUR EMPIRE! WITH THE ULTIMATE VENGEANCE WEAPON THAT ONLY A GENIUS SUCH AS I COULD HAVE CREATED!


IT IS THE WEAPON I WILL USE TO *ERADICATE* PRINCESS SINFAR—ALONG WITH *ALL* THE ENEMIES OF THE FATHERLAND!!
YOU WILL PERISH... YOU WILL *ALL* PERISH IN A *FIERY DEATH* RAINED DOWN UPON YOU FROM SPACE!!
TO BE CONTINUED...

DARE SPACE: 1939

TECH PAGE

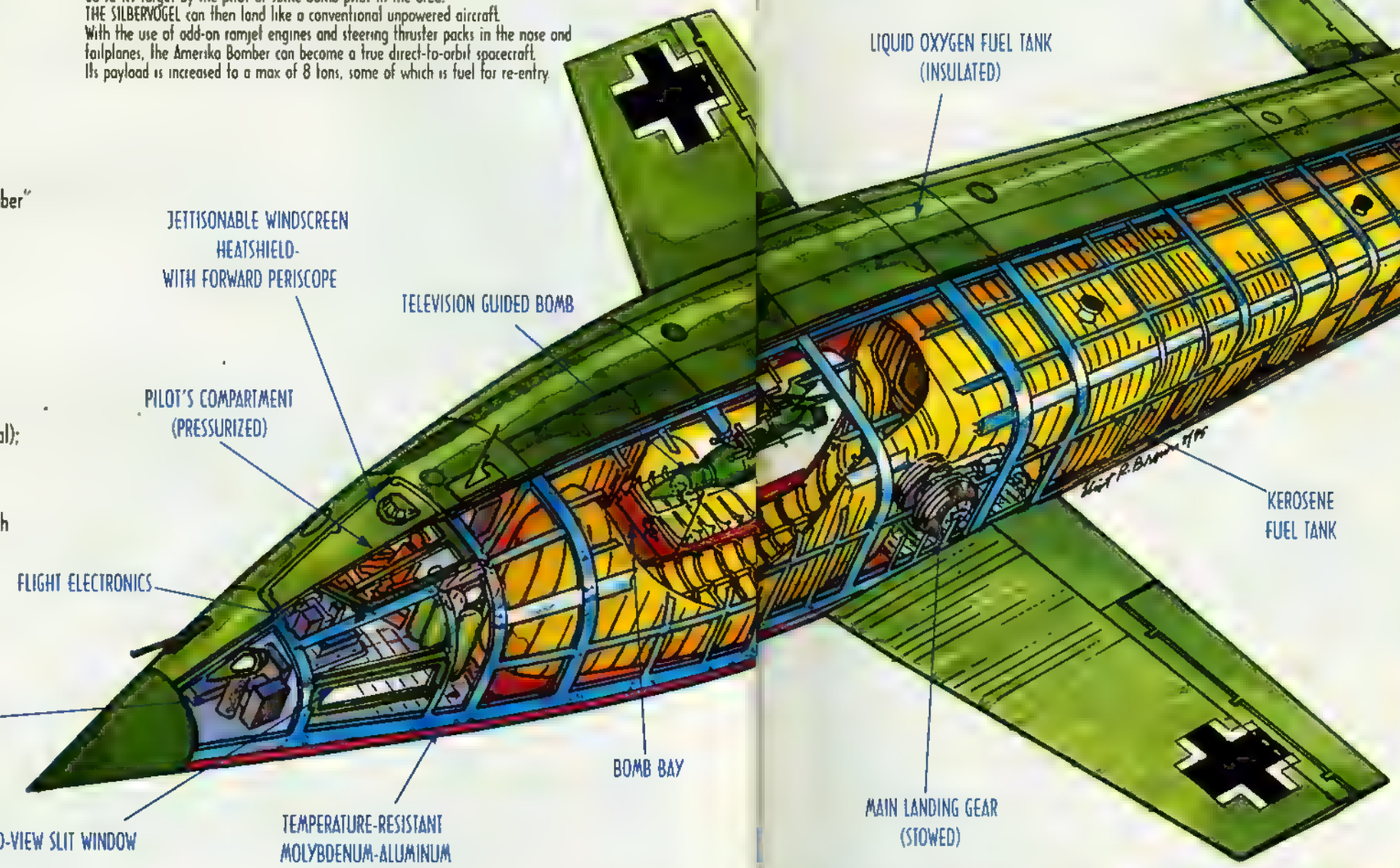
by Eliot R. Brown

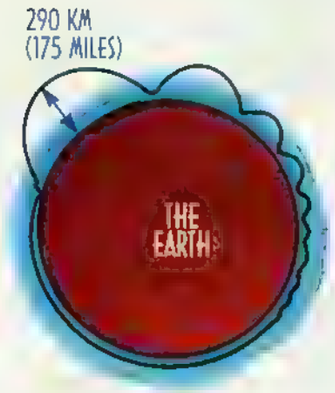
THE AMERIKA BOMBER

The Amerika Bomber, antipodal bomber spaceplane, is a direct-to-sub-orbit rocket-powered vehicle. THE SILBERVOGEL (Silver Bird), the prototype and first production model, is unable to achieve low Earth orbit on its own. It is boosted along a 3-kilometer monorail by a liquid-fuel rocket sled to about Mach 1.5. At the end of the rail, the ship's 100 ton thrust engine is ignited. The engine burns for about 200 seconds and allows the craft to reach a max speed of Mach 15 and an altitude of about 290 km. Not achieving orbit, THE SILBERVOGEL reenters the atmosphere and, at about 25 miles up, exploits its aerodynamic shape, skipping back out of the atmosphere. This is repeated several times until a cruising speed of Mach 3.3 is reached. At about the antipodes, a gradual glide is achieved, allowing an unpowered return flight to the launch point. At any point above the atmosphere, the 4-ton (max) payload bomb can be released. The bomb employed is usually one of the television-equipped, remotely guided munitions. It can be guided to its target by the pilot or some bomb pilot in the area.
THE SILBERVOGEL can then land like a conventional unpowered aircraft.
With the use of add-on ramjet engines and steering thruster packs in the nose and tailplanes, the Amerika Bomber can become a true direct-to-orbit spacecraft.
Its payload is increased to a max of 8 tons, some of which is fuel for re-entry.

THE SILBERVOGEL

The Sänger-Bredt "Amerika Bomber"
Antipodal Bomber Spaceplane
Length: 35m
Wingspan: 18.6m
Max. Take-Off Weight: 100 tons (sub-orbital);
112 tons (orbital with add-on ramjet boosters)
Max. Payload: 4 tons (sub-orbital);
8 tons (orbital)
Crew: One pilot in pressurized cabin, with top-firing, high-Mach ejection seat
Range: 30,000 km



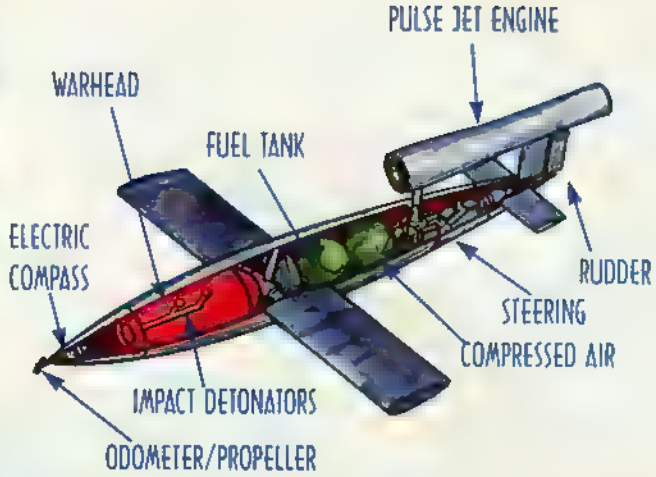


Note: THE SILBERVOGEL was designed by Eugene Sänger between the years of 1928 and 1941. In 1936, Sänger became the director of the Hermann Göring Research Center, where he met mathematician Irene Bredt. Their theoretical work led to remarkable advance in electronics, television, and materials technologies. The flat bottom of THE SILBERVOGEL tends to be exposed to terrific heating stresses and led to the fabrication of temperature-resisting molybdenum-aluminum alloys and honeycomb-forming techniques. One of Sänger's most important concepts/design was regenerative cooling, where fuel is pumped around the bell of the rocket engine, which cools the bell and heats the fuel, yielding higher fuel-energy potentials. A separate cooling system pumps liquid oxygen through tubing in the flat bottom of THE SILBERVOGEL.

DSS Fledermaus shown accelerating along its 3-km monorail within a bomb-resistant tunnel.

DOCTOR DARE SPACE: 1939 TECH PAGE

HITLER'S V&R WEAPONS

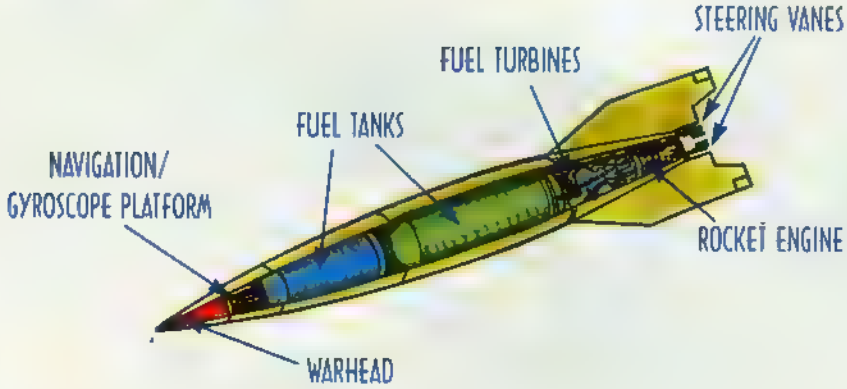


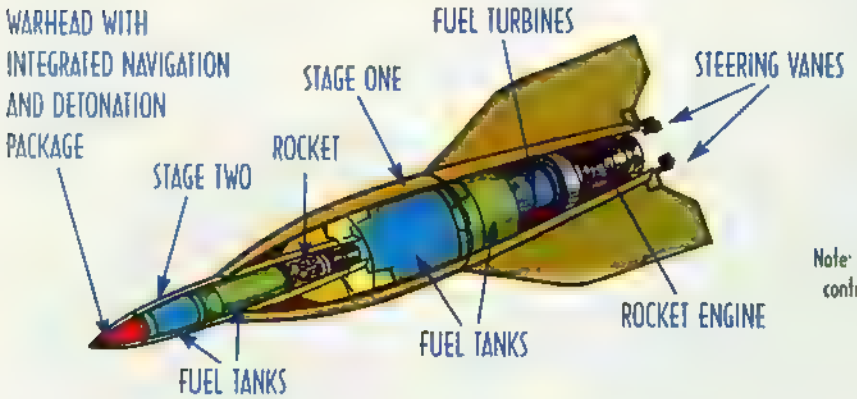
V1 (Vengeance Weapon)

Overall Length: 7.7m
Motor Length: 3.6m
Wingspan: 4.9m
Take-Off Wt. 2,300 kg (550 kg fuel)
Range: 257–286 km
Payload: 847.1 kg
Note: The V1 used gyroscope-governed navigation and its control surfaces were pneumatically actuated. Over 23,000 were manufactured in 1944.

V2

Overall Length: 14m
Wingspan: 3.75m
Take-Off Wt: 12.9 tons
Range: 330 km
Payload: 909 kg
Note: Limitations of fixed rocket engine steered by in-exhaust vanes led to expanded rocket-engine program.



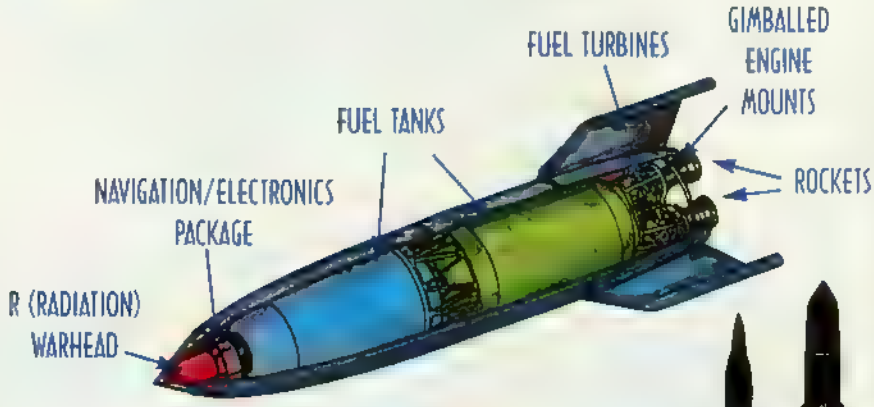


V9

Overall Length: 87m (Stage 2: 39 m)
Wingspan: 30.1m
Take-Off Wt: 200 tons
Range: 5,500 km
Payload: 1.7 tons
Note: First V weapon to strike at all Allied powers. Two-stage inter-continental high-explosive and R-weapon platform. R-weapon payload is U-235 dust with explosive deployment at altitude.

R1 (V12)

Overall Length: 107.3m
Wingspan: 29m
Take-Off Wt: 380 tons
Range: 11,000 km
Payload: 1.95 tons
Note: True inter-continental ballistic missile capable of reaching antipodes. Delivery accuracy was within two-kilometer radius after 5,000 km. Accuracy improved to 150 meters with encrypted-signal television link for final guidance by remote pilot.



RELATIVE SIZES:

BACKLASH™

EPISODE VIII: IT'S NOT OVER YET

Our Story Thus Far:

America, 2024 A.D. Man-hating, lesbo-feminists have seized the country. The WOLLENSTONE CRAFT HEALTH-CARE ALLIANCE'S tyrannical ruler is SUBORNA ROSS, who is engaged in a secret eugenics program to develop tame males—the DOUBLE Y PROJECT. A side benefit would be a race of super lesbians that would allow Suborna to take over the world. ROBERTA LINDSAY, an impressionable college student at the time of her recruitment into the upper echelon of the Alliance, discovered the Double Y Project and turned against Suborna. The mysterious resistance- movement leader MOSTRESS W saved Roberta from the fate of becoming a mind-altered "sex care provider" and instead transformed her into a female super-soldier. As BACKLASH, and equipped with a flying motorcycle arsenal, Roberta can strike a blow against the gyno-traitors of the Alliance.

Backlash penetrated a skyscraper stronghold where, using a phone, she attempted to electronically imitate a close friend—whom she just killed—of Suborna's in order to lure her into a trap. She was detected and ambushed in turn. Summoning her heavily weaponed motorcycle with a bio-remote control link, she escaped her tormentors... or did she?

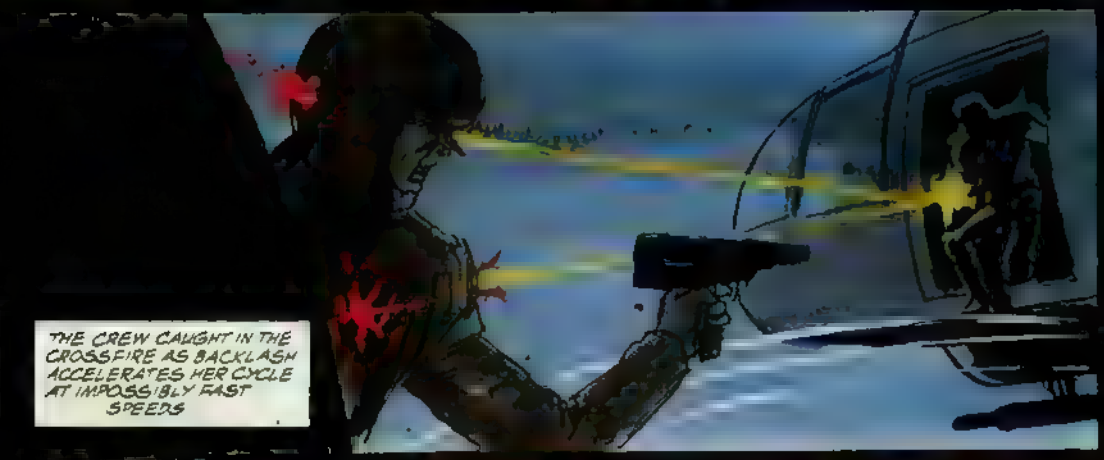
WRITERS: Carragonne & Thornton & Tracey
ARTIST: Mark Beachum
LETTERS: Kenny Lopez

GET HER, YOU FOOLS!
WITH HER HEAVILY ARMED CYCLE OUTSIDE TELEPATHICALLY LINKED, ROBERTA DISTRACTS HER ATTACKERS
WITH SUBORNA'S THUGS REACTING TO MY RUSE, THEY'LL LOVE TO FEEL THE LASH THAT GIVES ME THE NAME OF
BACKLASH!
"WEAPONS GLOVE . ON!"
SHE'S TOO FAST, SUBORNA--
;UFF!;
KICKA!
SCHRAZT!
KRAK!
OOH!

" MANIPULATING DNA TO SUIT YOUR WHIM OF AN ALL-FEMALE SOCIETY..."
"...DESTROYING THE VERY SYSTEM THAT ALLOWED WHINY TYRANTS LIKE YOU TO EXIST IN THE FIRST PLACE."
YOU'RE DEAD ENJOY THE EXPERIENCE, DEAR
"...GET USED TO THE TWISTING IN YOUR GUT THE FEAR THAT YOU'RE GOING TO HELL FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE..."
BACKLASH ESCAPES, USING HER ARMORED CYCLE
SMASH!
I'LL BE IN HELL WITH YOU BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU'VE TURNED ME INTO. BITCH!

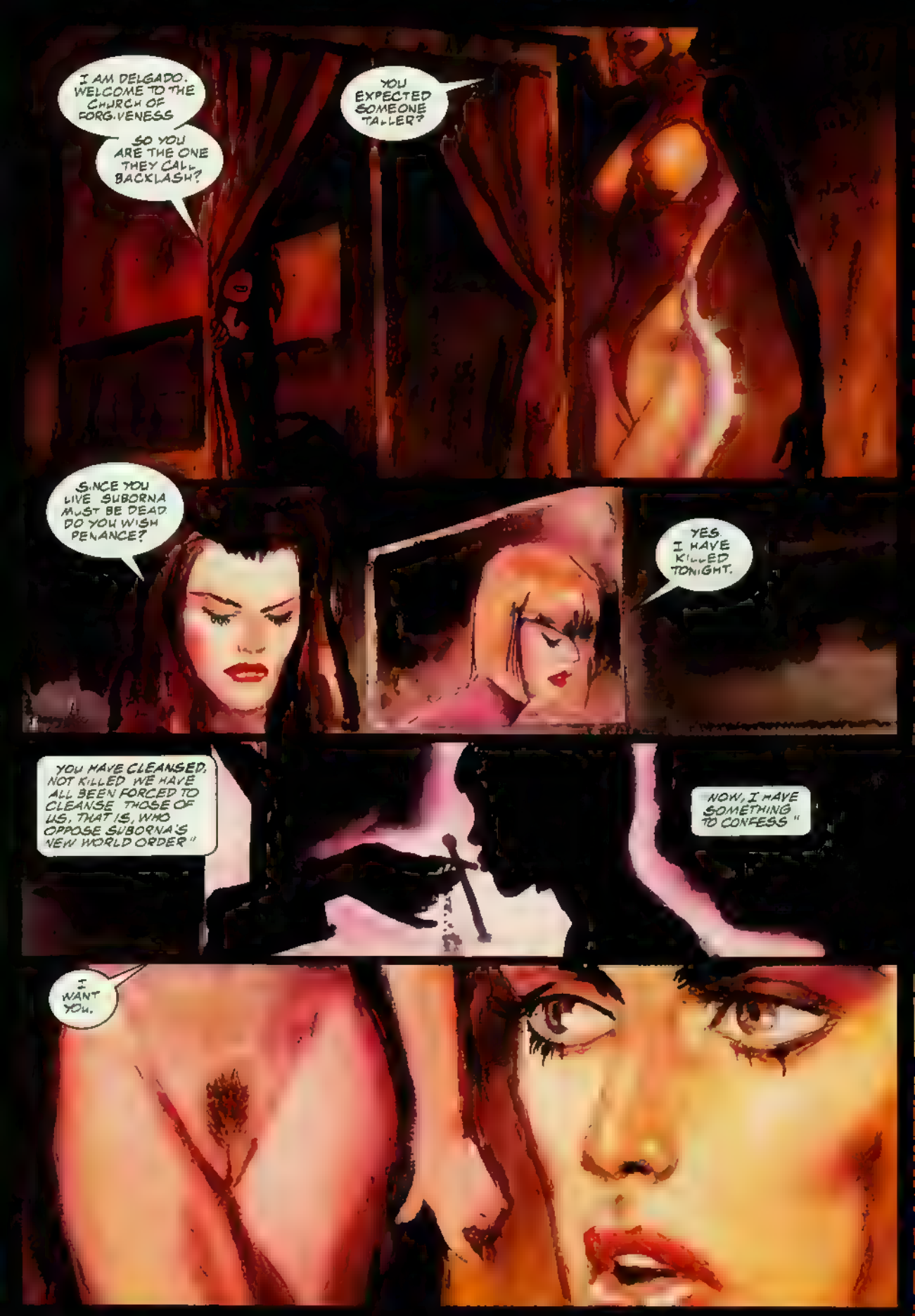
HUNTED DRIVEN BACKLASH HAS NOWHERE TO RUN.
EXCEPT
SUBORNA HAD, INDEED, CREATED A WHOLE UNDERCLASS BASED ON HATRED.
. HATRED OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER. BUT NOW THE ORDER WAS DEAD, BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT WITH SUBORNA GONE, THE ARMY AND SECURITY TEAMS COULD ONLY FOCUS ON ONE THING.
VENGEANCE
REVENGE UPON THE FULCRUM OF CHANGE, BACKLASH
ATTACK COPTERS!
WHUP WHUP WHUP

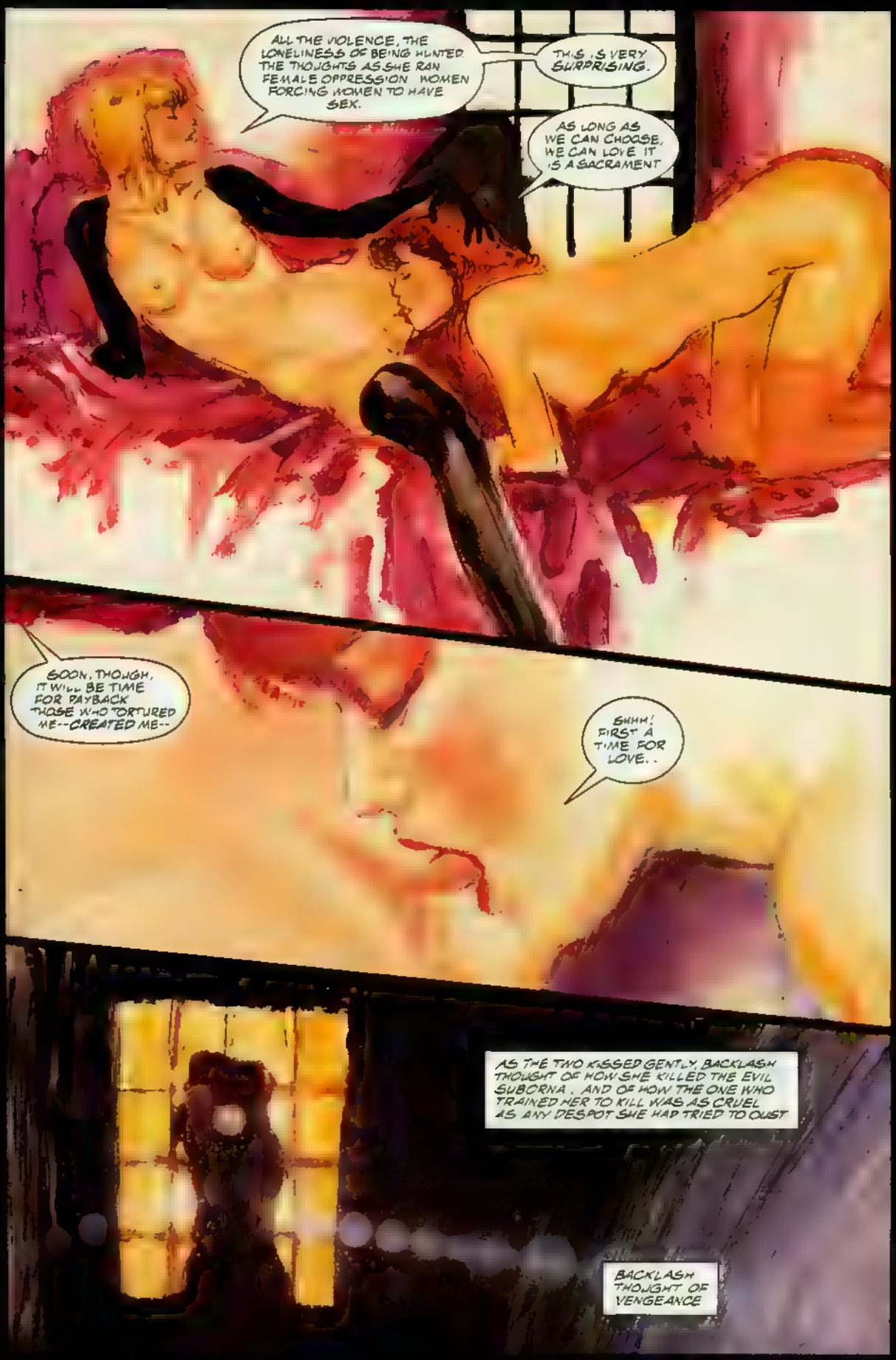
ONE OF THE COPTERS FIRES!
BRATTA!
BRATTA!


THE CREW CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE AS BACKLASH ACCELERATES HER CYCLE AT IMPOSSIBLY FAST SPEEDS

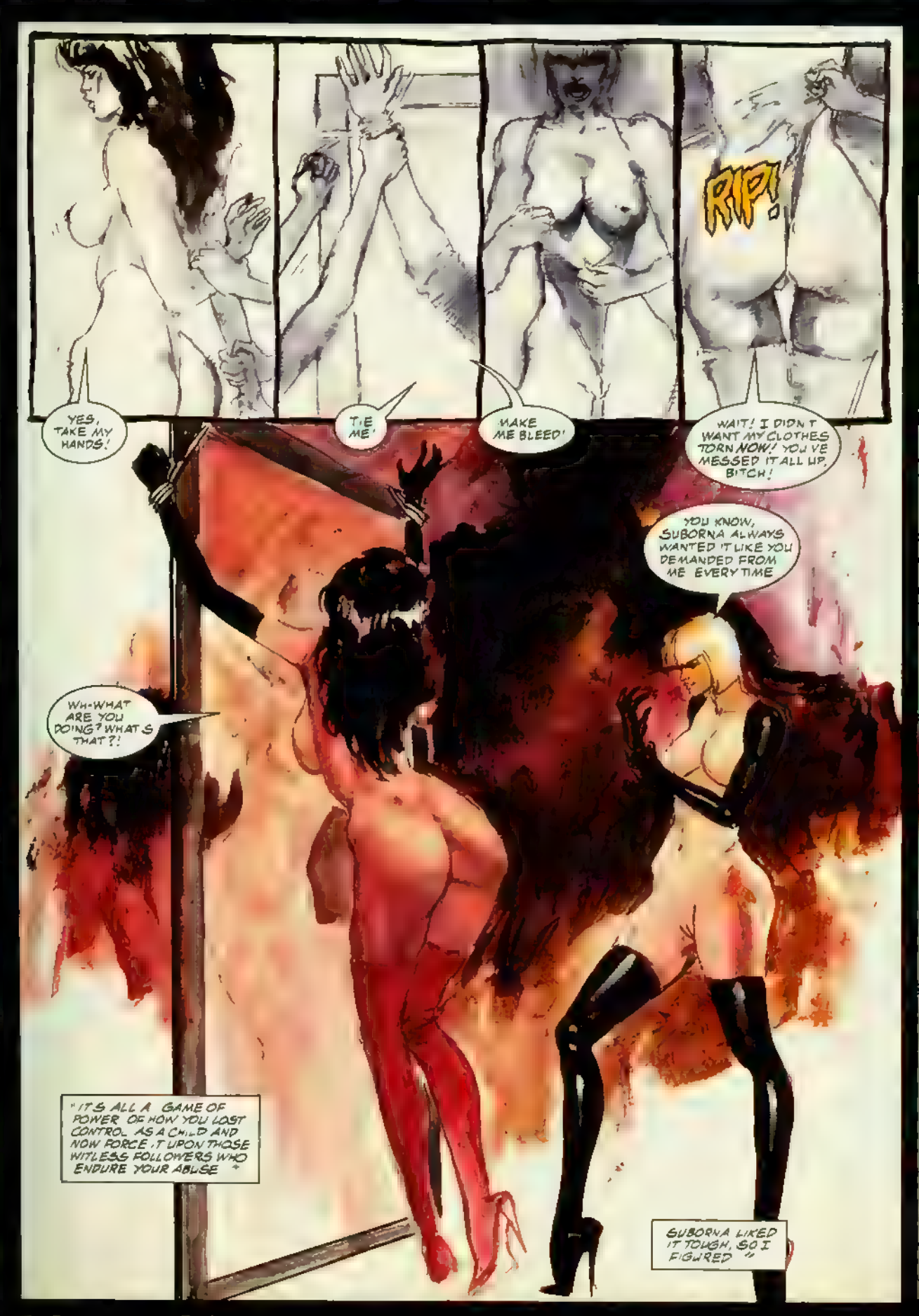
...ON THE WEAPONS GLOVE...
PSHT!
...TANGLES A SNARE WIRE AROUND THE COPTER BLADES.

WHA-BOOOOOM!
AND AFTER HER SUCCESS, AND THE DEATH..
SHE NEEDS A PLACE OF HEALING
OF PEACE
A CHURCH.
INSIDE, STILL PEOPLED BY PERSONS BACKLASH KNOWS TO BE MEMBERS OF THE RESISTANCE WHO, EVEN NOW, PREPARE TO HELP THE NEW GOVERNMENT ACHIEVE PEACE
INTO THE WATERS OF RORG VENESS, MY SISTER WHA? WHO'S THERE?!
YOU, PRIEST... I WANT YOU TO HEAR MY CONFESSION!


I AM DELGADO. WELCOME TO THE CHURCH OF FORGIVENESS
SO YOU ARE THE ONE THEY CALL BACKLASH?
YOU EXPECTED SOMEONE TALLER?
SINCE YOU LIVE SUBORNA MUST BE DEAD. DO YOU WISH PENANCE?
YES. I HAVE KILLED TONIGHT.
YOU HAVE CLEANSED, NOT KILLED. WE HAVE ALL BEEN FORCED TO CLEANSE. THOSE OF US, THAT IS, WHO OPPOSE SUBORNA'S NEW WORLD ORDER."
NOW, I HAVE SOMETHING TO CONFESS."
I WANT YOU.


ALL THE VIOLENCE, THE LONELINESS OF BEING HUNTED. THE THOUGHTS AS SHE RAN FEMALE OPPRESSION WOMEN FORCING WOMEN TO HAVE SEX.
THIS IS VERY SURPRISING.
AS LONG AS WE CAN CHOOSE, WE CAN LOVE IT IS A SACRAMENT
SOON, THOUGH, IT WILL BE TIME FOR PAYBACK THOSE WHO TORTURED ME--CREATED ME--
SHHH! FIRST A TIME FOR LOVE..
AS THE TWO KISSED GENTLY, BACKLASH THOUGHT OF HOW SHE KILLED THE EVIL SUBORNA. AND OF HOW THE ONE WHO TRAINED HER TO KILL WAS AS CRUEL AS ANY DESPOT SHE HAD TRIED TO OUST
BACKLASH THOUGHT OF VENGEANCE

AFTER LOVE, A TIME OF HATE!
KA-
SLAM
LATER, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ONE WHO DEPROGRAMMED HER, WHO TAUGHT BACKLASH TO HATE. TO KILL...
MISTRESS W!
AH, THE WANDERING LAMB. LOOK, DEAR. EVEN THE OFFICIAL NEWS ORGANIZATIONS HAD TO PROCLAIM THE SUPREME LEADER, SUBORNA, DECEASED
AND LOOK WHAT IT DID TO LECHER HERE DEAD FROM JOY
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY TRAINEE.
COME IN, DEAR I NEVER FUCK IN MY OWN BEDROOM, HA, HA TOO MUCH WEAR AND TEAR ON THE SHEETS
DON'T I LOOK GOOD IN THE MIRROR?
AND DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TAUGHT YOU? YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE!


YES, TAKE MY HANDS!
TIE ME,
MAKE ME BLEED!
RIP!
WAIT! I DIDN'T WANT MY CLOTHES TORN NOW! YOU'VE MESSED IT ALL UP, BITCH!
YOU KNOW, SUBORNA ALWAYS WANTED IT LIKE YOU DEMANDED FROM ME EVERY TIME
WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT'S THAT?!
"IT'S ALL A GAME OF POWER. OF HOW YOU LOST CONTROL AS A CHILD AND NOW FORCE IT UPON THOSE WITLESS FOLLOWERS WHO ENDURE YOUR ABUSE.
SUBORNA LIKED IT TOUGH, SO I FIGURED."

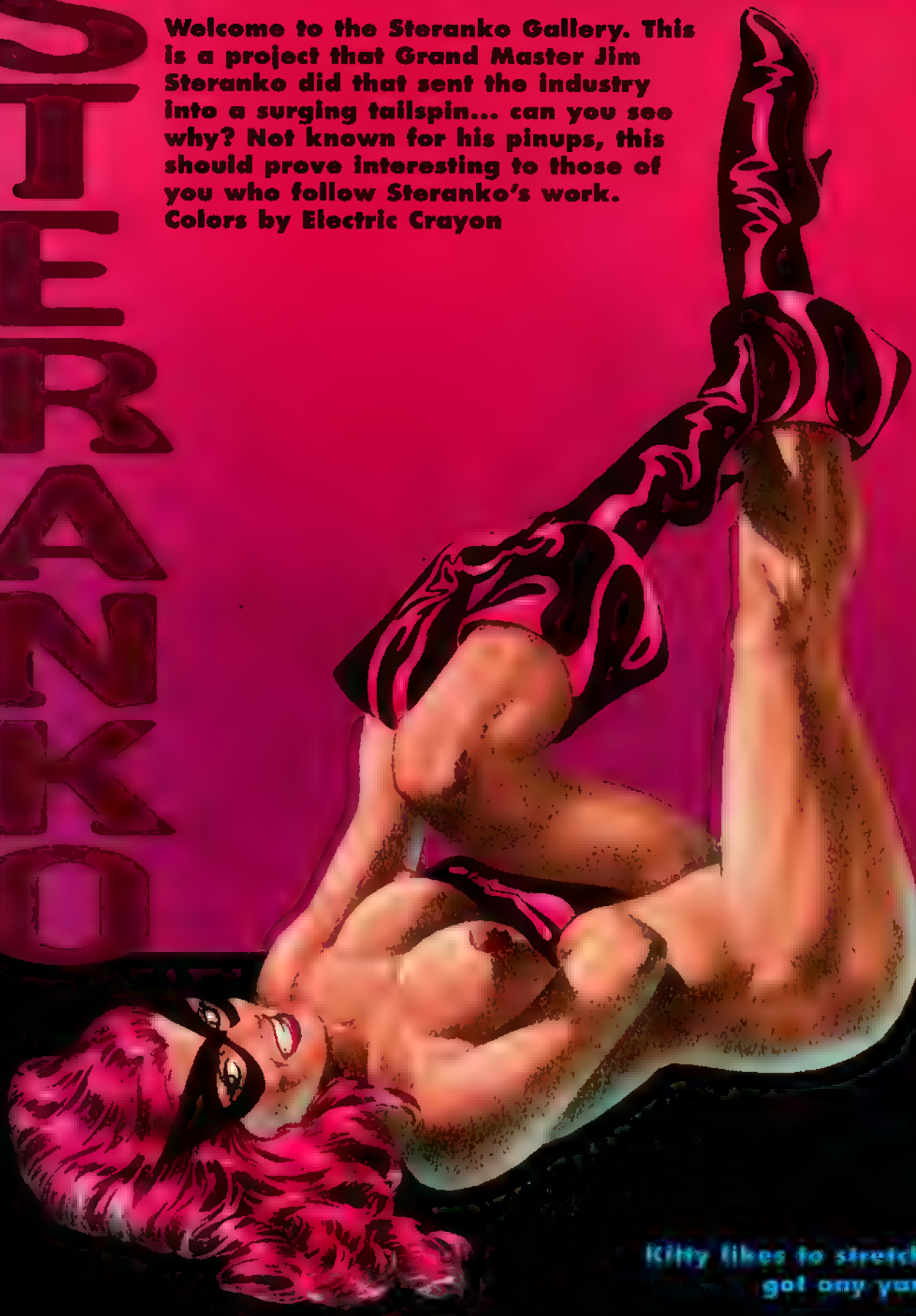
SO WOULD YOU!
YOU WOULDN'T...
YOU AND SUBORNA TOOK PLEASURE IN MANIPULATING ME, BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY.
SUBORNA'S DEAD. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN. I'M GOING TO KILL YOU WITH THAT PAIN/PLEASURE YOU USED ON EVERYONE ELSE!
I'M GOING TO FUCK YOU 'TIL YOUR INSIDES TURN TO JELLY! I'M GOING TO...
NO! BACKLASH!! YOU MUST STOP!!!

DELGADO! YOU FOLLOWED ME HERE? YOU KNOW I MUST FINISH THIS!
BACKLASH... IT IS FIN SHED. IT'S JUST THAT NEITHER YOU OR THEY HAVE REAL ZED IT!
TAKE THAT THING OFF YOU HAVE ALREADY ASSURED THAT. SHOULD SHE LIVE, SHE WILL NEVER HAVE PLEASURE THERE AGAIN.
BUT, SHE SHOULD DIE FOR HER CRIMES!
THINK, BACKLASH. LOOK IN HER EYES SHE DIED A LONG TIME AGO
DON'T END UP WITH THAT SAME LOOK IN YOUR EYES. IT IS TIME FOR ROBERTA LINDSEY TO CLEANSE BACKLASH FROM OUR MIDST.
YOU HAVE HAD MORE THAN A LIFE TIME'S WORTH OF HATE, ROBERTA. NOW, YOU MUST LEAVE THAT BEHIND, IF YOU ARE TO LEAD THE WAY FORWARD IN LOVE.

IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED NEITHER A PURE EVIL NOR UNDISTILLED GOOD RULED THE COUNTRY
IT HAD ITS PROBLEMS, ITS IDIOSYNCRASIES
ITS DIFFERENCES WITH MEN AND WOMEN, LIKE ALL CIVILIZATIONS OF RECORDED HISTORY.
BUT AT LEAST IT WAS FAIR.
DUE TO THE SACRIFICE OF THE WOMAN CALLED BACKLASH!
THE END!

STERANKO

Welcome to the Steranko Gallery. This is a project that Grand Master Jim Steranko did that sent the industry into a surging tailspin... can you see why? Not known for his pinups, this should prove interesting to those of you who follow Steranko's work. Colors by Electric Crayon



Kitty likes to stretch... got any yarn?

Looks like I've got
the drop on you!

'A' is for Awesome,
Aroused Areola and Aw,
you know!
A

Uncle Sugar never looked so good!

Don't worry about the leopard... I bite!

My only weakness? Green money!!!

How do you like my
racing stripes?
Anybody get a starting
flag?

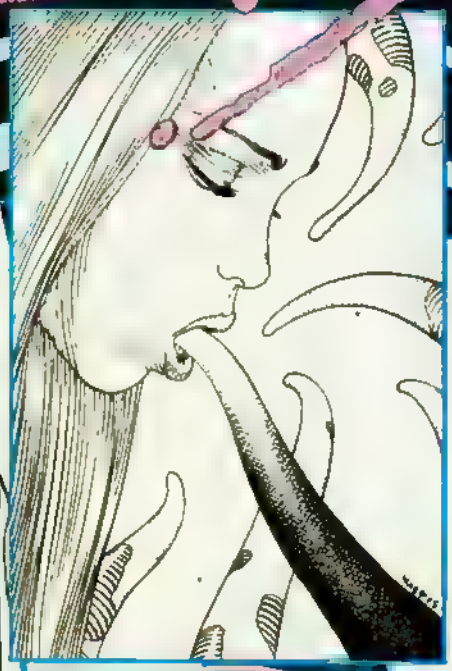
Parry? Riposte? Thrust!

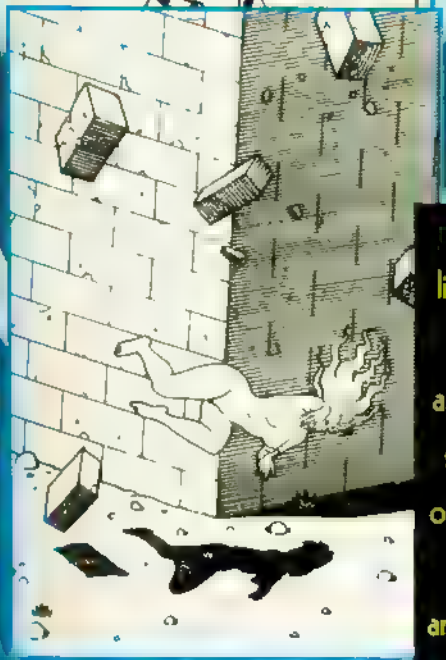
Oh... the battery's so chilly tonight... aren't you keep me warm?

I'm all a-quiver, boys...
who's got an apple?
PIN

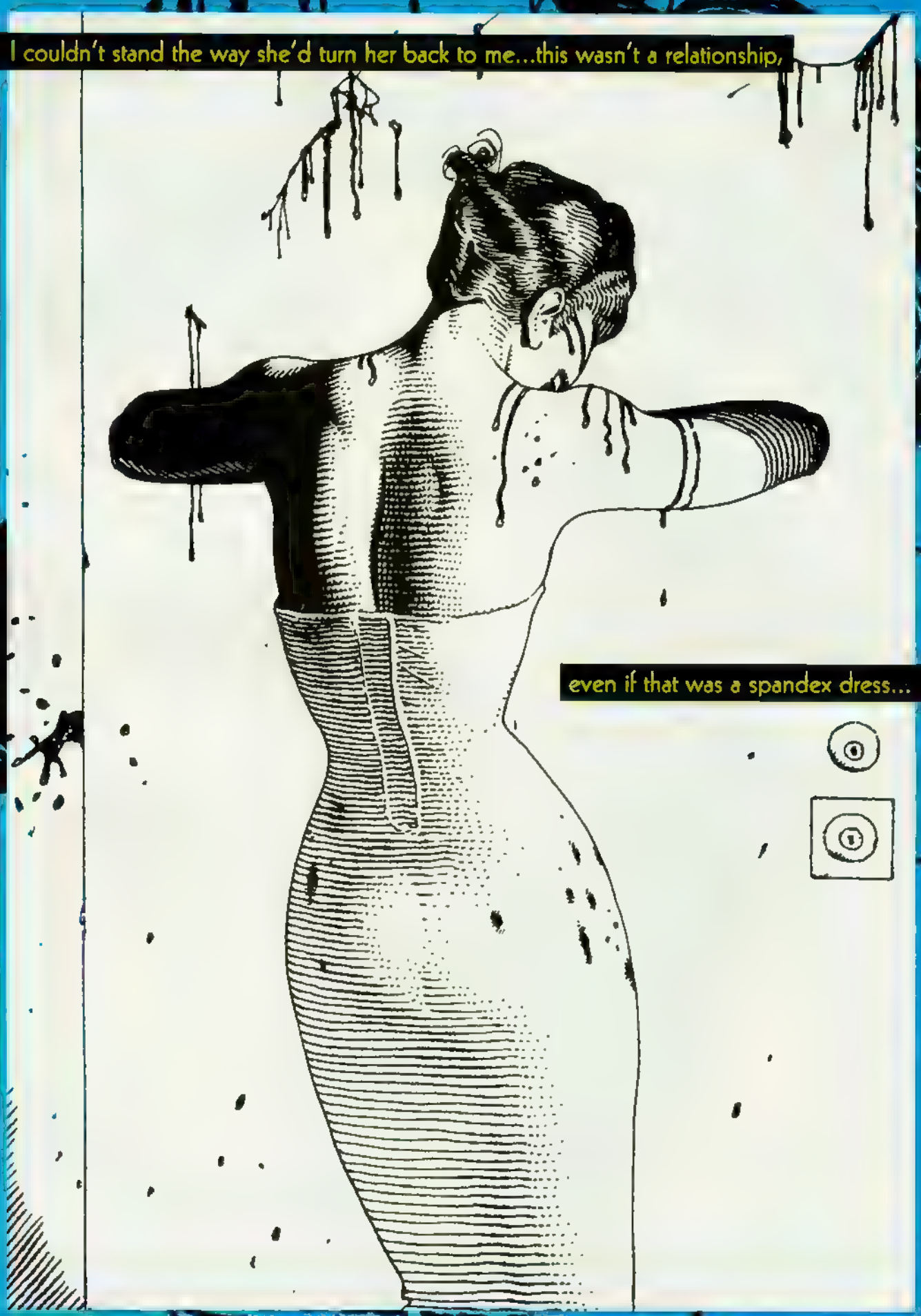
MOEBIUS

Moebius. One word that sums up a masterful line, at once loose and meaningful, gritty and light. The images he has presented to us since his arrival in America in *Heavy Metal Magazine*, numerous illustrated folios, graphic novels (*Lieutenant Blueberry*, *Arzach*, *Gaspard*), artwork in the comic series (*The Silver Surfer*), have all served to change the face of modern linear art and storytelling. Moebius works and maintains his home in Los Angeles. These images are extracted from the book "Griffe d'Ange"





My life was a series of little frustrations that have remained so prominent they are what I am and I cannot escape them... during sleepless nights I run them like an old video and can't stop the tape... now they intrude during the day and I have given the wrong answers to questions because I am talking to the image in my head...


I couldn't stand the way she'd turn her back to me...this wasn't a relationship,
even if that was a spandex dress...

I'll never forget that break-front dress...
she would yank out those meat slammers, wiggle 'em in front of me
or scrape those rigid nipples up and down my shirt and snap the dress shut...

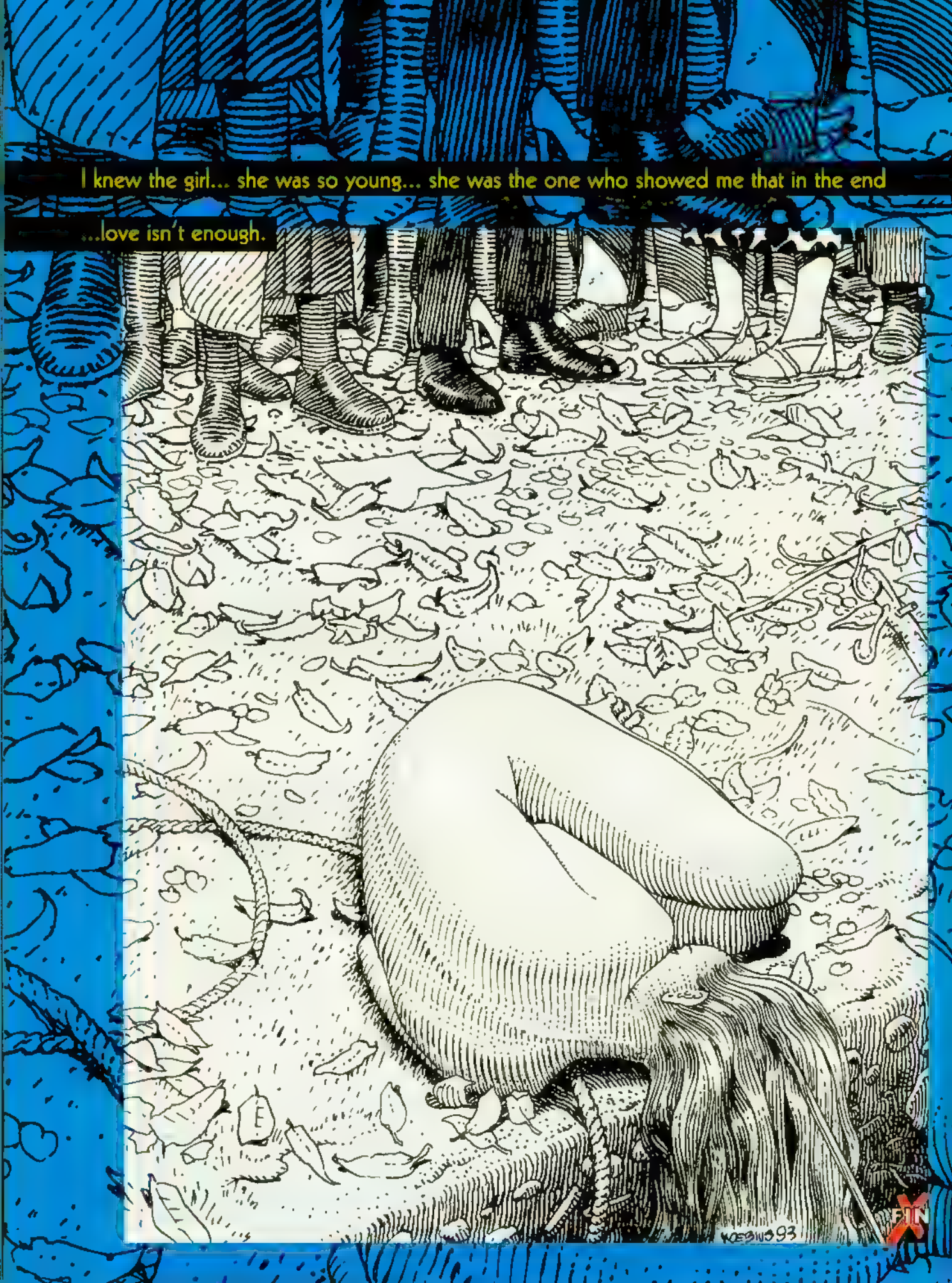
her silk rig was rough compared to her skin...

those greedy arms pulled me in again and again... I was young then, but I could wait...

y'know what I mean? I was with, oh yeah, it was Mary, heh... I showed her I could

handle the goods and not blow a gasket. Oh she was glorious... a good kisser, y'know?

S'funny thing, really, it took two girlfriends
to teach me how to take a woman to the edge of orgasm
and hold her there...
ACE BANG


I knew the girl... she was so young... she was the one who showed me that in the end
...love isn't enough.
FIN

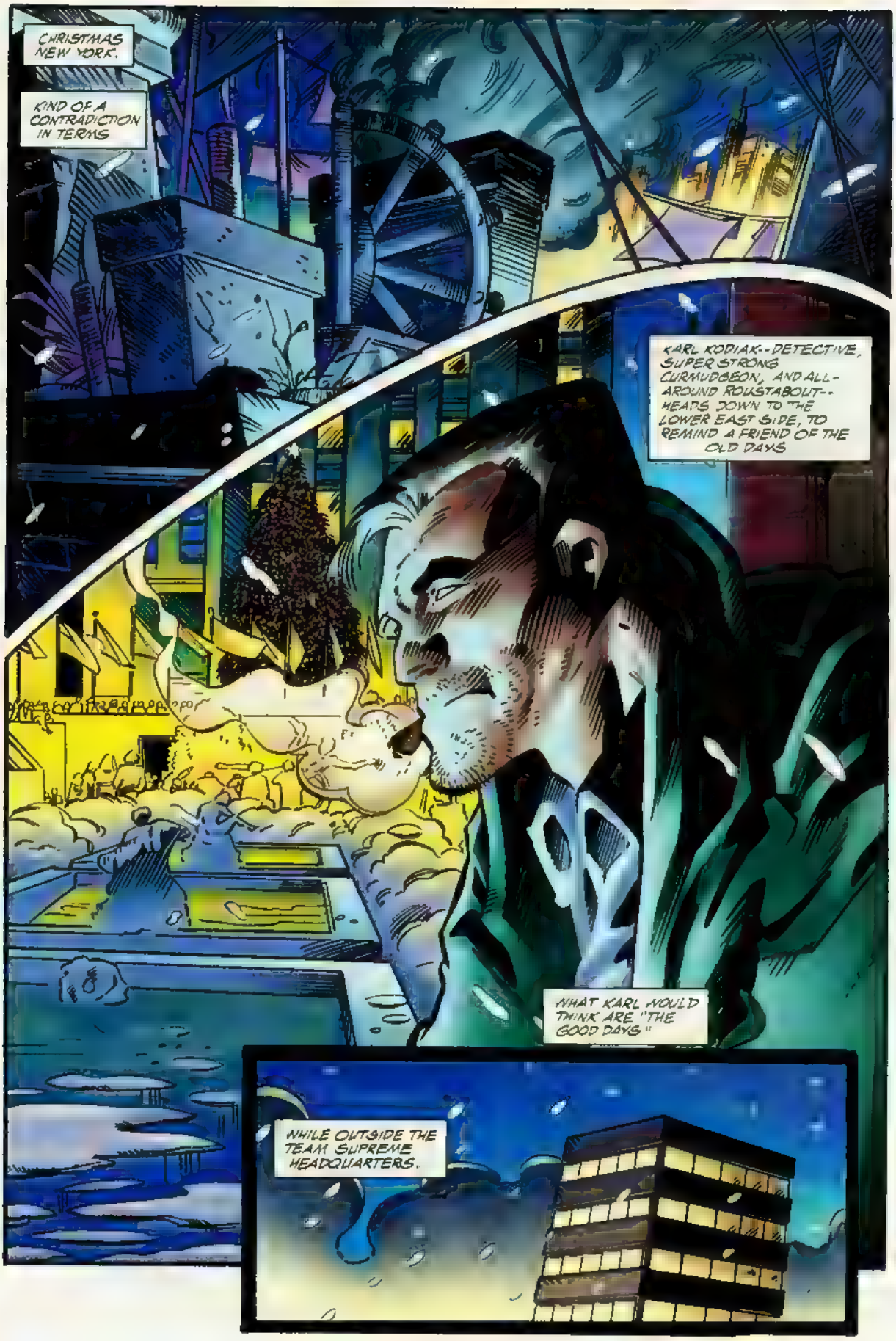
THE TEAM SUPREME

DEATHKILLER'S CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

IT'S CHRISTMAS. Y'KNOW: CHRISTMAS CHEER, MISTLETOE KISSES, HOT TODDIES, THOUGHTFUL GIFTS, WARM WISHES, WHINING MATCHGIRLS, TROD-UPON BEGGARS, ORPHANAGE MAYHEM, TIME TO BE WITH YOUR LOVED ONES, PERHAPS GO HOME. THEY SAY YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN. PERHAPS THEY MEAN YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER. SOMEONE WHO SHOULD KNOW VERY WELL, INDEED, IS DEATHKILLER, WHO LEFT THE TEAM SUPREME LONG ENOUGH AGO TO MAINTAIN HIS DIGNITY. KARL KOGLAN, HARD-BOILED BULLET-PROOF GUMSHOE KNOWS THAT HOME IS WHERE THE MOST TROUBLE CAN BE FOUND. THE WARM HUMOR OF CHRISTMAS DAY WILL NOT BE FOUND WHEN THESE TWO RUN INTO EACH OTHER.

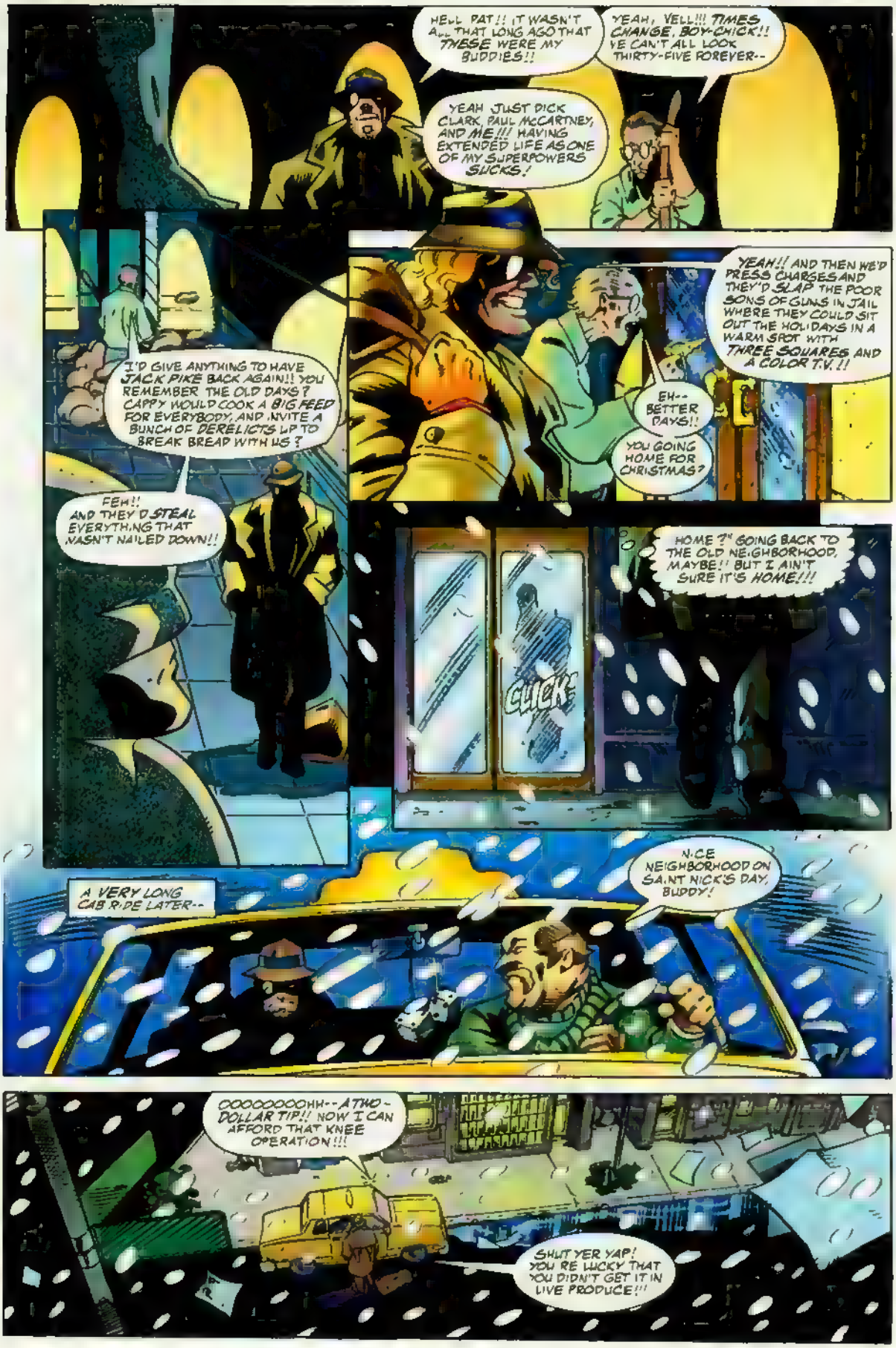
SO JOIN US THEN, AROUND THE CRACKLING FIRE OF OUR PILED-UP TEAM SUPREME #1 ZINC- COVERED EDITIONS AS DEATHKILLER AND KARL KOGLAN LIFT A FILMY GLASS OF ROTGUT WITH HOTBLOOD, LEADER OF THE TEAM SUPREME, IN A CHRISTMAS STORY THAT WILL SEND YOU RUNNING FOR YOUR CRYING RAGS. IT'S A LITTLE YULETIDE OFFERING WE CALL...

WRITERS:
CARAGONNE, THORNTON & TRACEY
PENCILS: CHRIS WOZNIAK
INKS: JOHN LOWE
COLORS: DIGITAL CHAMELEON
LETTERS: KENNY LOPEZ


CHRISTMAS NEW YORK.
KIND OF A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS
KARL KODIAK--DETECTIVE, SUPER STRONG CURMUDGEON, AND ALL-AROUND ROUSTABOUT--HEADS DOWN TO THE LOWER EAST SIDE, TO REMIND A FRIEND OF THE OLD DAYS
WHAT KARL WOULD THINK ARE "THE GOOD DAYS."
WHILE OUTSIDE THE TEAM SUPREME HEADQUARTERS.

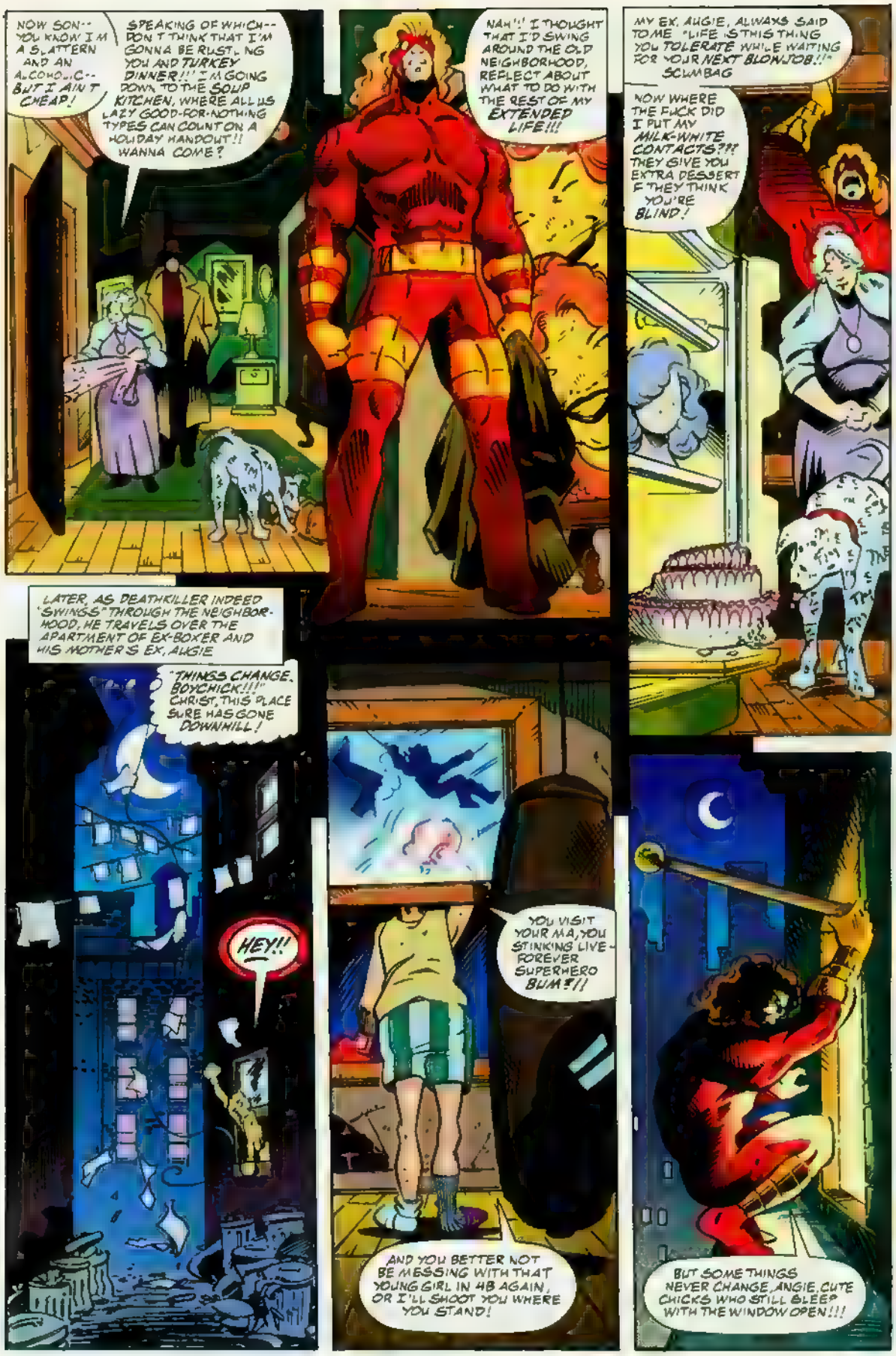
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
A CHRISTMAS DAY PARADE, MASKING THE SOUND OF PARTYING WITHIN THE KIRBY BUILDING, HOME TO THE SUPERHERO GROUP.
THE TEAM SUPREME!
INSIDE..
HEY, HERCANE, YOU KNOW I KINDA THINK BABS HERE IS BETTER AT LAP DANCES THAN YOU. HOW ABOUT A CONTEST TO SET THE HOLIDAYS OFF?
I CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT CHEAP SLUT!
SORE LOSER WHORE!
HEY, HOTBLOOD, SOME CHRISTMAS FEAST, HUH?
FOR YOU GUYS, MAYBE!! I PUT ON A FEW EXTRA OUNCES, AND MY RAT BASTARD MANAGER, ANTONACHI, PUT ME ON AN ALL—BEETS DIET!!!
OCH! TWO DAYS OFF FOR THE TEAM SUPREME! FINE EXCUSE TO PICK A MAN'S POCKET EVERY 25TH OF DECEMBER!

COME ON, VELVIE!!! HOW ABOUT WE DITCH THIS PARTY AND HAVE A LITTLE FUN??
NOT UNTIL WE GET BACK TO YOUR APARTMENT. DO YOU WANT THE OTHERS TO THINK I'M CHEAP?!
HEY, WHERE'S DEATHKILLER? HE'S MISSING THE CHRISTMAS HOME VIDEO FOLLIES
YE GODS, BLOODSKULL!! THOSE BATHROOM HIDDEN VIDEOS PICK UP A LOT.
THIS ALL HIS STUFF, RABBIT BOY?
YEAH!! DEATHKILLER DOESN'T NEED A RIDE TO THE AIRPORT!! HIS FOLKS LIVE HERE IN THIS CITY!!!
I DUNNO. IT'S HARD TO SEE WHO WON..
I'LL SHOW HER WHO GIVES THE BEST LAPFUCK!! RRR--.
I'LL SHOW HER WHO GIVES THE BEST BLOWJOB!. RRR--!
AT THE BACK ENTRANCE TO THE BUILDING, IN THE FORGOTTEN TEAM SUPREME HALL OF HEROES.
WHO THE HELL--?
IT'S JUST ME MR P.
OH, DEATHKILLER!! WOT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? WHY AREN'T YOU INSIDE WIT YER BUDDIES?


HELL PAT!! IT WASN'T ALL THAT LONG AGO THAT THESE WERE MY BUDDIES!!
YEAH, YELL!!! TIMES CHANGE, BOY-CHICK!! YE CAN'T ALL LOOK THIRTY-FIVE FOREVER--
YEAH JUST DICK CLARK, PAUL McCARTNEY, AND ME!!! HAVING EXTENDED LIFE AS ONE OF MY SUPERPOWERS SUCKS!
I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE JACK PIKE BACK AGAIN!! YOU REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS? CAPPY WOULD COOK A BIG FEED FOR EVERYBODY, AND INVITE A BUNCH OF DERELICTS UP TO BREAK BREAD WITH US?
FEH!! AND THEY'D STEAL EVERYTHING THAT WASN'T NAILED DOWN!!
YEAH!! AND THEN WE'D PRESS CHARGES AND THEY'D SLAP THE POOR SONS OF GUNS IN JAIL WHERE THEY COULD SIT OUT THE HOLIDAYS IN A WARM SPOT WITH THREE SQUARES AND A COLOR T.V.!!
EH-- BETTER DAYS!!
YOU GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS?
HOME?" GOING BACK TO THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD, MAYBE!! BUT I AIN'T SURE IT'S HOME!!!
CLICK
A VERY LONG CAB RIDE LATER--
NICE NEIGHBORHOOD ON SAINT NICK'S DAY, BUDDY!
OOOOOOOOHH--A TWO-DOLLAR TIP!! NOW I CAN AFFORD THAT KNEE OPERATION!!!
SHUT YER YAP! YOU'RE LUCKY THAT YOU DIDN'T GET IT IN LIVE PRODUCE!!!

OH, LOOK.! FROZEN URINE ON THE SIDEWALK!! A SURE SIGN OF THE HOLIDAY SEASONS!!!
HEY, PACO!!
DON'T YOU MEAN, "EXCUSE ME, CAUCASIAN GENTLEMAN"?
CHUCO
I'M GONNA CUT YOU A NEW ASSHOLE.!
YOU THINKIN OF USING THAT ON ME, DUDE?
THNK!
THE BAT'S FOR YOU!! IT'LL ALMOST EVEN THE ODDS!!!
SA-
WHIIIISSSHH!!!
KARUNCH!
AAA!!!EEEE!!!

OOHMM.
KI-ICKA!
RINZ
RUNCH!
OOOF.
AND TO THINK I KNEW THOSE PUNKS WHEN THEY WERE INNOCENT LITTLE YARD APES, PLAYIN' IN THE STREET. CHRISTMAS!
YOU DOG! YOU DIRTY DOG!!!
HI MA LONG TIME
YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THAT POOCH OF YERS!! HE'S SHITTING EVERYWHERE!!
MOM, YOU CHEAP BROAD YOU GOTTA FEED A DOG BEFORE HE CAN SHIT!!!
RRRR--!

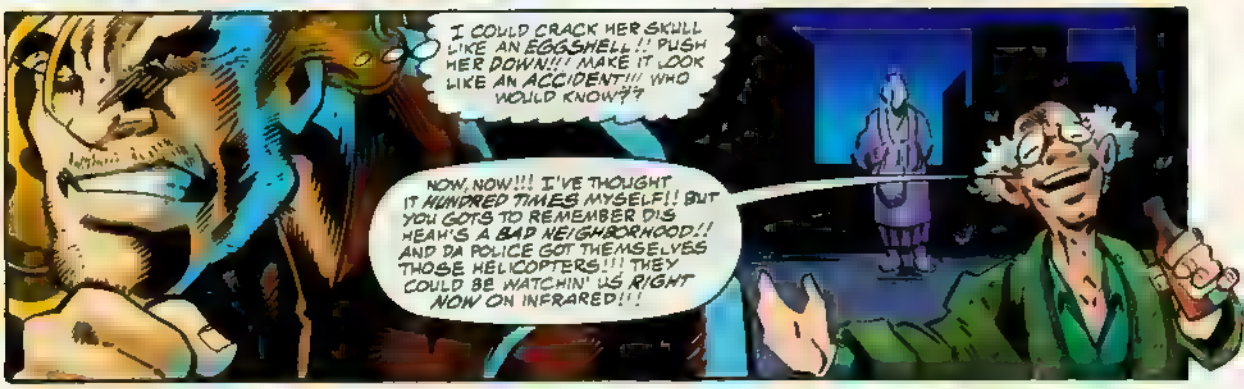

NOW SON-- YOU KNOW I'M A SLATTERN AND AN ALCOHOLIC-- BUT I AIN'T CHEAP!
SPEAKING OF WHICH-- DON'T THINK THAT I'M GONNA BE RUSTLING YOU AND TURKEY DINNER!!! I'M GOING DOWN TO THE SOUP KITCHEN, WHERE ALL US LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING TYPES CAN COUNT ON A HOLIDAY HANDOUT!! WANNA COME?
NAH'!! I THOUGHT THAT I'D SWING AROUND THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD, REFLECT ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE REST OF MY EXTENDED LIFE!!!
MY EX, AUGIE, ALWAYS SAID TO ME "LIFE IS THIS THING YOU TOLERATE WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR NEXT BLOWJOB!!" SCUMBAG
NOW WHERE THE FUCK DID I PUT MY MILK-WHITE CONTACTS?!? THEY GIVE YOU EXTRA DESSERT IF THEY THINK YOU'RE BLIND!
LATER, AS DEATHKILLER INDEED "SWINGS" THROUGH THE NEIGHBORHOOD, HE TRAVELS OVER THE APARTMENT OF EX-BOXER AND HIS MOTHER'S EX, AUGIE
"THINGS CHANGE, BOYCHICK!!!" CHRIST, THIS PLACE SURE HAS GONE DOWNHILL!
HEY!!
YOU VISIT YOUR MA, YOU STINKING LIVE-FOREVER SUPERHERO BUM!!!
AND YOU BETTER NOT BE MESSING WITH THAT YOUNG GIRL IN 4B AGAIN, OR I'LL SHOOT YOU WHERE YOU STAND!
BUT SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE, ANGIE, CUTE CHICKS WHO STILL SLEEP WITH THE WINDOW OPEN!!!

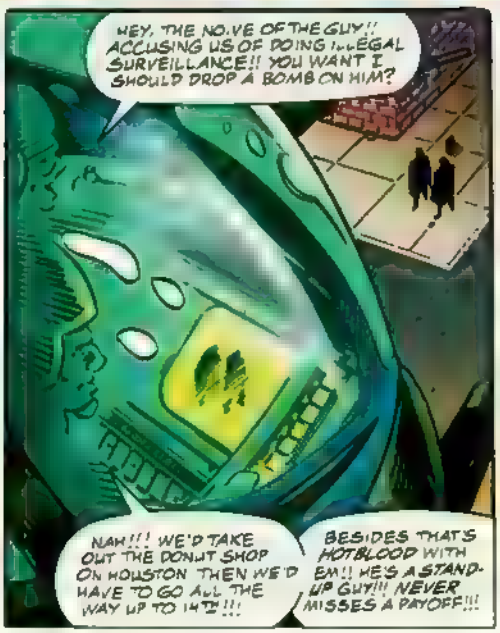
WELL, WELL, WE...! LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN!!!
SORRY, ANGELE BABY.! IT LOOKS LIKE I KILLED IT!!
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, BIG BOY.! THERE'S STILL A PUSSY IN THIS HOUSE, AND IT'S HUNGRY!!
THINK I'VE GOT THE HOT SAUSAGE TO FEED HER?
IS IT A FOOT-LONG?
AT LEAST

MEANWHILE, IN THE SOUP KITCHEN--
AH CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MISSUS DEATHKILLER--THEY HAD THE NERVE TO SERVE POWDERED MASH POTATOES!!
"SADIE" IF YOU DON'T MIND! AND YOU'D THINK THEY WOULD HAVE ADDED WATER OR SOMETHING--NOT JUST SERVE THEM IN THE FLAKE FORM!!!
I THINK THAT YOU'RE BOTH A BUNCH OF SPOILED BABIES--THEY AIN'T BEETS, ARE THEY?
BEETS? HEY, AREN'T YOU HOTBLOOD?
SNATCH!
YEAH!! MY BLOODSUCKER AGENT, ANTONACHI, HAS BRIBED EVERY RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK NOT TO SELL ME A DECENT MEAL, SO THAT I CAN STAY ON HIS STUPID "BEETS" DIET!!
BUT MR A FORGOT ABOUT THE SOUP KITCHENS!! AHH--DRY TURKEY MEAT--FOOD OF THE GODS!!
MR HOTBLOOD, ONCE AGAIN, WE MUST ASK YOU TO LEAVE!!
MR ANTONACHI, HAS GREASED THE PALMS OF THE CLERGY?!!
PEOPLE HERE NEED HELP. YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE MR HOTBLOOD SUPERHERO. MANY TIMES OVER.
YEAH, WELL, THE POPE LIVES IN A PALACE BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP YOU GUYS FROM SHAKING THE PLATE OUTSIDE SUBWAY STATIONS!
SO, SADIE, HOW'S YOUR BOY?
OKAY, I GUESS HE'S HOME FOR THE WEEKEND AND I HOPE HE DON'T FIND THE BOTTLE O' RYE I GOT STASHED UNDER MY BUNK. THAT BOY DRINKS LIKE A FISH
BACK AT ANGIE'S APARTMENT
NICE A YA TO BRING A BOTTLE OVER DEATHY
LIKE I ALWAYS TELL YA, I KNOW HOW TO TREAT LADIES RIGHT

HOUSTON
LUDLOW
SOON, OUTSIDE THE MISSION--
CAN YOU BELIEVE THESE BASTARDS?? TURNING ME DOWN WHEN I'M HUNGRY?
...STEN, HOTBLOOD, I GOT PARTS OF THREE DINNERS IN THIS BAG!!

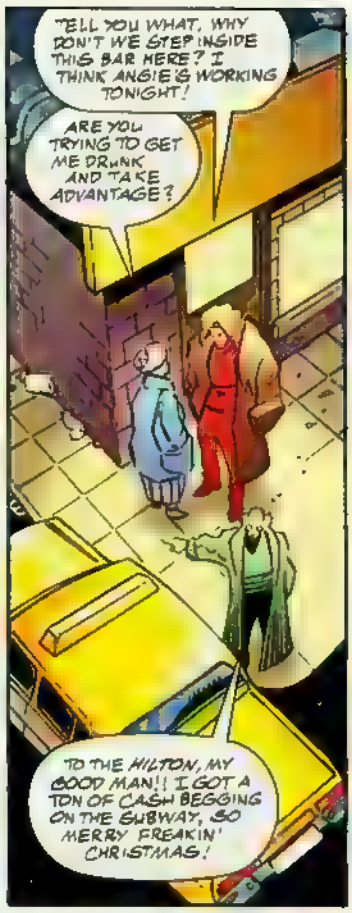
LET ME SEE!!
DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY, SONNY!! SHE'S GOT WRISTS LIKE IRON-- FROM ALL THOSE YEARS OF TWIST-OFF BEERS!!!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!!! KEEP YOUR GRUBBY MITTS OFF MY GRUB, GLORY BOY!


I COULD CRACK HER SKULL LIKE AN EGGSHELL!! PUSH HER DOWN!!! MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!!! WHO WOULD KNOW??
NOW, NOW!!! I'VE THOUGHT IT HUNDRED TIMES MYSELF!! BUT YOU GOTS TO REMEMBER DIS HEAH'S A BAD NEIGHBORHOOD!! AND DA POLICE GOT THEMSELVES THOSE HELICOPTERS!!! THEY COULD BE WATCHIN' US RIGHT NOW ON INFRARED!!!

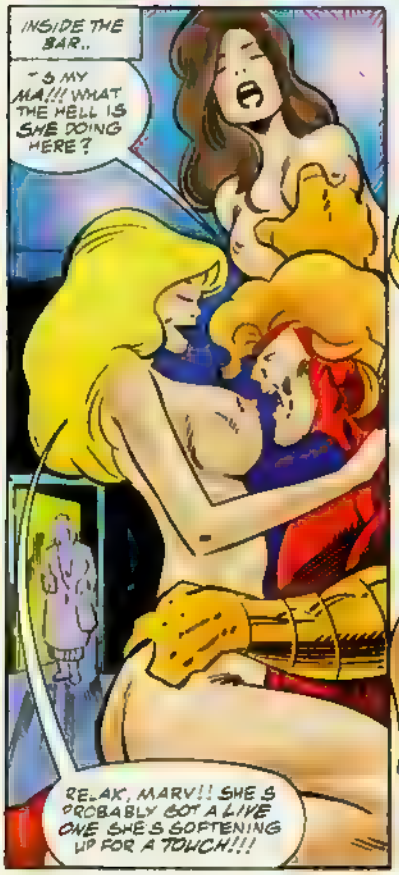

HEY, THE NOVE OF THE GUY!! ACCUSING US OF DOING ILLEGAL SURVEILLANCE!! YOU WANT I SHOULD DROP A BOMB ON HIM?
NAH!!! WE'D TAKE OUT THE DONUT SHOP ON HOUSTON THEN WE'D HAVE TO GO ALL THE WAY UP TO 14TH!!!
BESIDES THAT'S HOTBLOOD WITH EM!! HE'S A STAND-UP GUY!!! NEVER MISSES A PAYOFF!!!

ALL RIGHT!! SO HOW ABOUT OFFERING TO BUY MY FOOD? I'M NOT AN UNREASONABLE PERSON. I'LL LET THE WHOLE SHEBANG GO FOR SIXTY BUCKS!!!
SIXTY BUCKS.. JEEZ, BETTER HOPE THEY GET THE ALZHEIMER'S DRUG OUT SOON, LADY!!! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR FUCKING GOURD!!

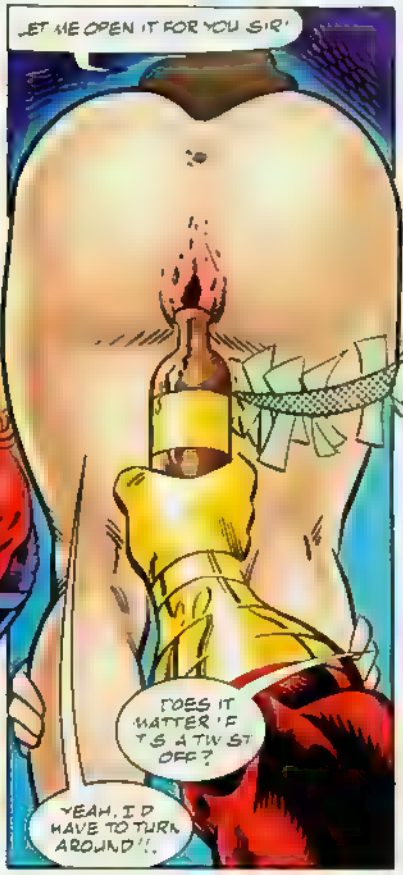
NOW, YOU KNOW AND I KNOW THAT ANTONACHI HAS THIS CITY'S RESTAURANTS TIED UP TIGHTER THAN MS ADVENTURE'S CUNT*!!
*MS ADVENTURE IS OUR TOKEN VIRGIN --ED

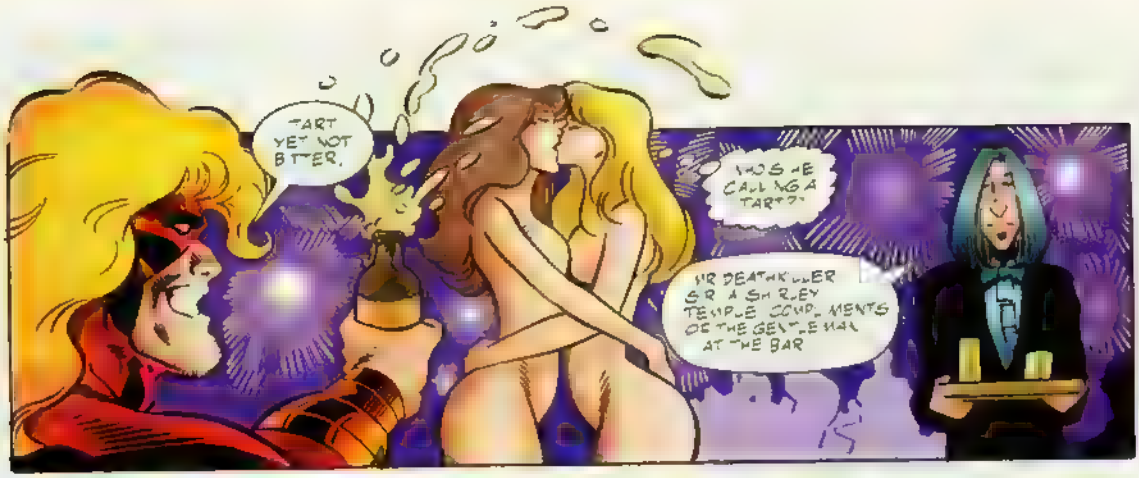

TELL YOU WHAT, WHY DON'T WE STEP INSIDE THIS BAR HERE? I THINK ANGIE'S WORKING TONIGHT!
ARE YOU TRYING TO GET ME DRUNK AND TAKE ADVANTAGE?
TO THE HILTON, MY GOOD MAN!! I GOT A TON OF CASH BEGGING ON THE SUBWAY, SO MERRY FREAKIN' CHRISTMAS!

PRETTY MUCH COUNTING ON IT!!
OK, BUT I WANT MIXED DRINKS, NO BEER!!

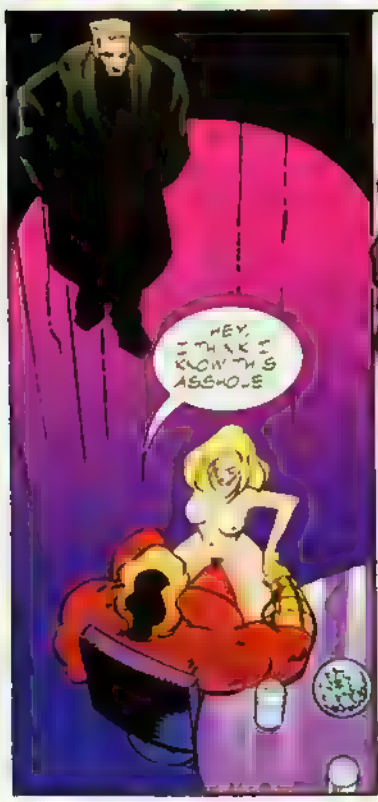

INSIDE THE BAR..
IS MY MA!!! WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING HERE?
RELAX, MARV!! SHE'S PROBABLY GOT A LIVE ONE SHE'S SOFTENING UP FOR A TOUCH!!!

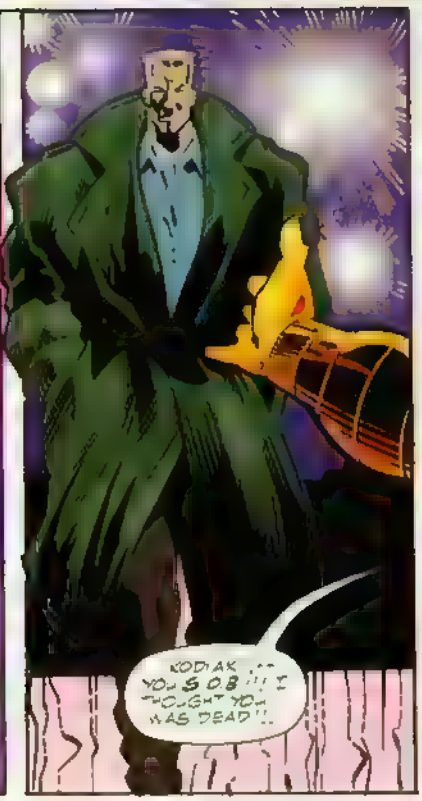
OH, THAT'S OKAY! I WAS AFRAID MA WAS GOING HOMO ON ME!!
DON'T BE SUCH A PRUDE, MARVIN!!! YOU KNOW I DRIVE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD!!
GOOD WAY TO GET RUN OVER!! WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THIS BOTTLE?

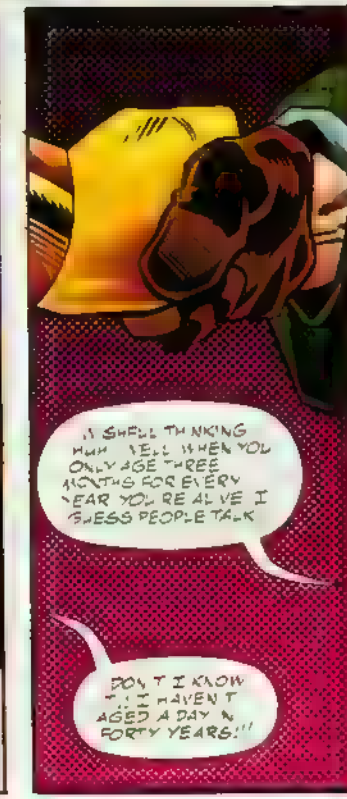

LET ME OPEN IT FOR YOU SIR!
DOES IT MATTER IF IT'S A TWIST OFF?
YEAH, I'D HAVE TO TURN AROUND!!


TART YET NOT BITTER.
WHO SHE CALLING A TART?
MR DEATHKILLER SIR A SHIRLEY TEMPLE COMPLIMENTS OF THE GENTLEMAN AT THE BAR

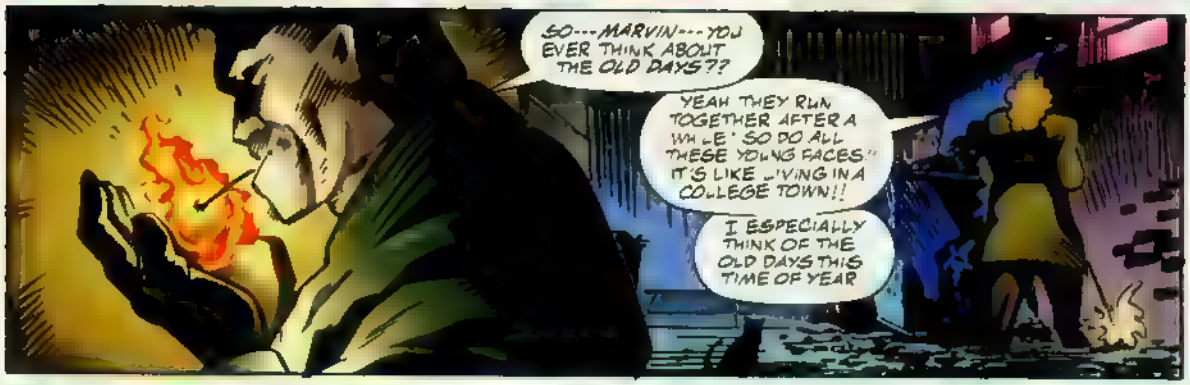
CAN'T MY LADY AND I ENJOY A BREW IN PEACE?
I ALREADY GET NO RESPECT IN MY OWN NEIGHBORHOOD! WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY?
AN HONEY TART WORTH IT...

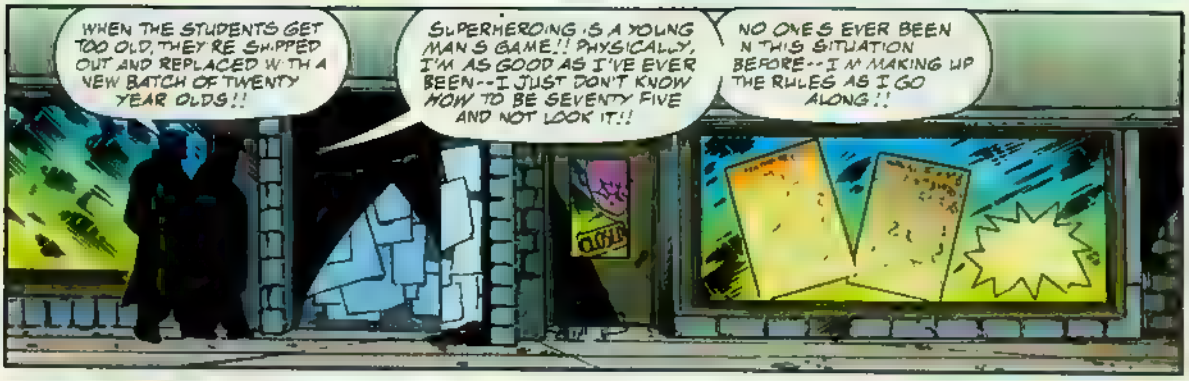

HEY, I THINK I KNOW THIS ASSHOLE

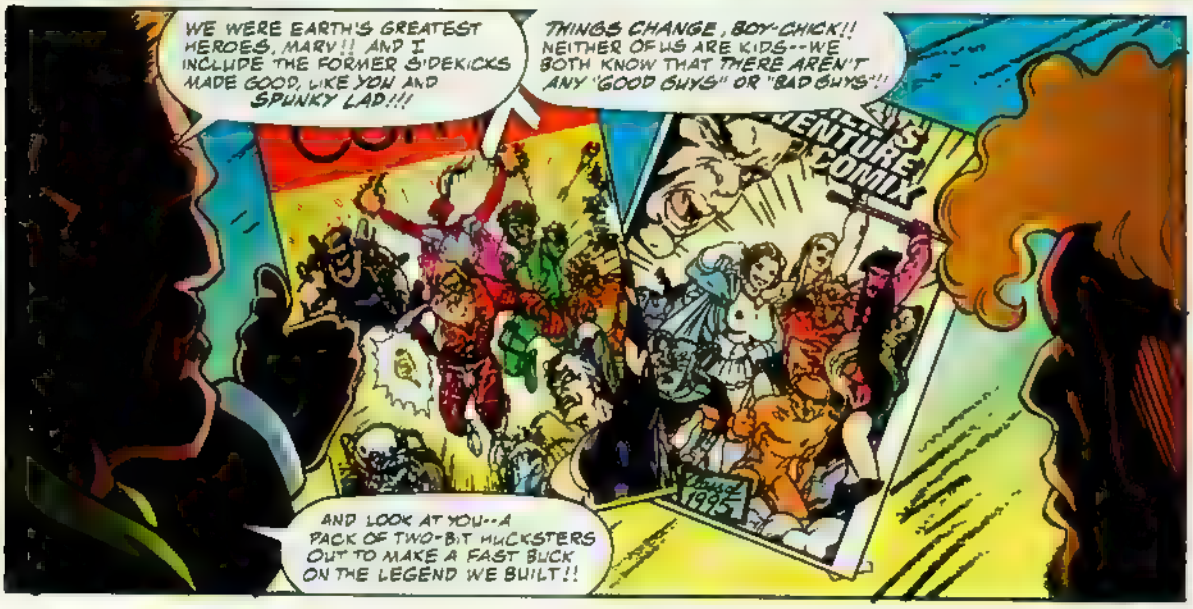

KODIAK ... YOU S O B !!! I THOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD!!

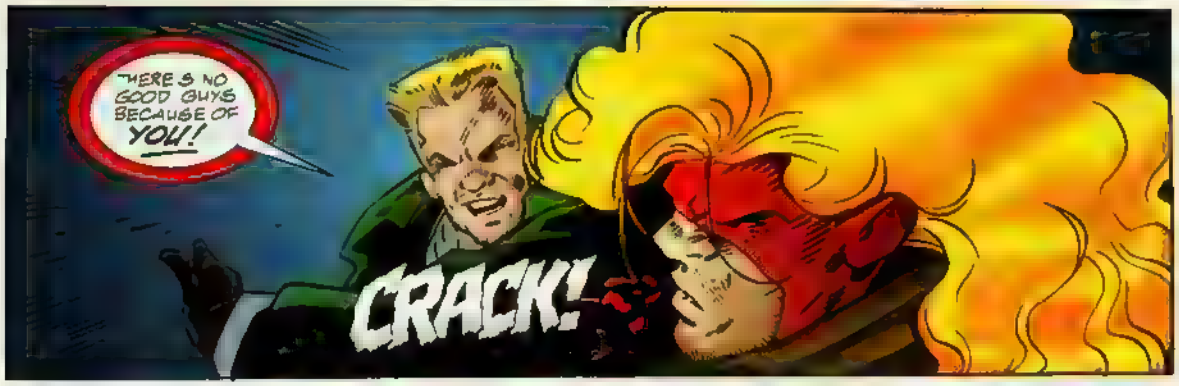

I SHELL THINKING HUH WELL WHEN YOU ONLY AGE THREE MONTHS FOR EVERY YEAR YOU RE ALIVE I GUESS PEOPLE TALK
DON'T I KNOW ... I HAVEN'T AGED A DAY IN FORTY YEARS!!!

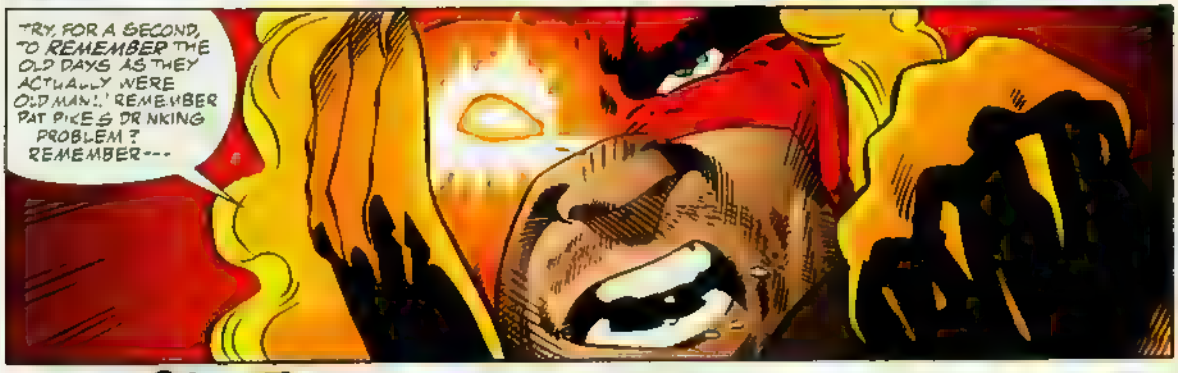
LISTEN, MARVIN!!! LET'S TAKE A WALK OUTSIDE AND HAVE A CIGAR!! I GOT SOME AMARETTO STOGIES FROM JAMAICA!!
TWIST MY ARM, WHY DON'T YOU?

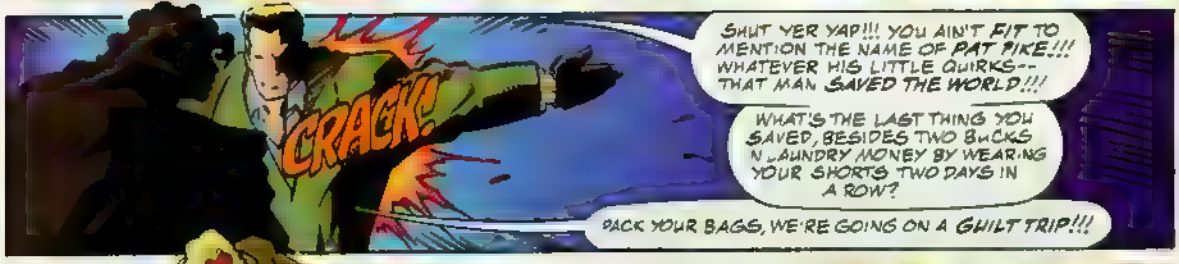

SO---MARVIN---YOU EVER THINK ABOUT THE OLD DAYS??
YEAH THEY RUN TOGETHER AFTER A WHILE. SO DO ALL THESE YOUNG FACES. IT'S LIKE LIVING IN A COLLEGE TOWN!!
I ESPECIALLY THINK OF THE OLD DAYS THIS TIME OF YEAR

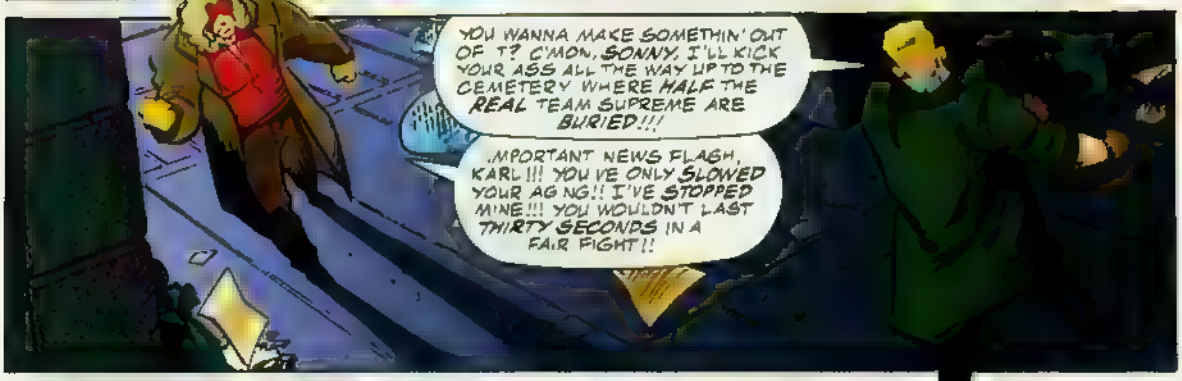

WHEN THE STUDENTS GET TOO OLD, THEY'RE SHIPPED OUT AND REPLACED WITH A NEW BATCH OF TWENTY YEAR OLDS!!
SUPERHEROING IS A YOUNG MAN'S GAME!! PHYSICALLY, I'M AS GOOD AS I'VE EVER BEEN--I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE SEVENTY FIVE AND NOT LOOK IT!!
NO ONE'S EVER BEEN IN THIS SITUATION BEFORE--I'M MAKING UP THE RULES AS I GO ALONG!!

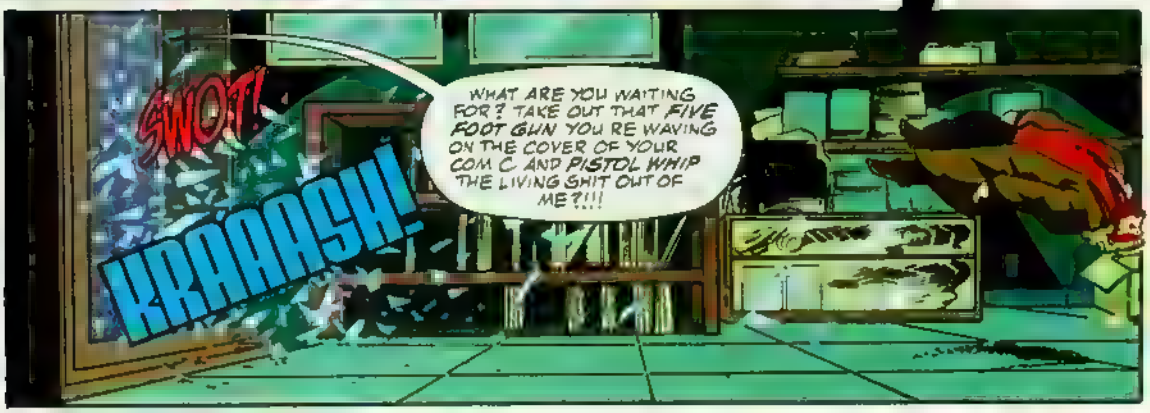

WE WERE EARTH'S GREATEST HEROES, MARV!! AND I INCLUDE THE FORMER SIDEKICKS MADE GOOD, LIKE YOU AND SPUNKY LAD!!!
THINGS CHANGE, BOY-CHICK!! NEITHER OF US ARE KIDS--WE BOTH KNOW THAT THERE AREN'T ANY "GOOD GUYS" OR "BAD GUYS"!!
VENTURE COMIX
AND LOOK AT YOU--A PACK OF TWO-BIT HUCKSTERS OUT TO MAKE A FAST BUCK ON THE LEGEND WE BUILT!!

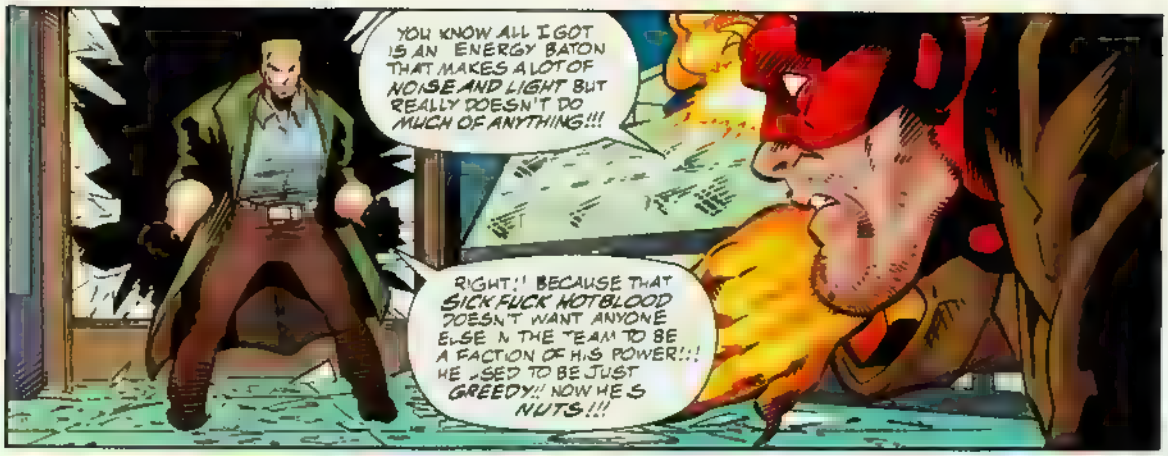

THERE'S NO GOOD GUYS BECAUSE OF YOU!
CRACK!


TRY, FOR A SECOND, TO REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS AS THEY ACTUALLY WERE OLD MAN!.' REMEMBER PAT PIKE'S DRINKING PROBLEM? REMEMBER---


CRACK!
SHUT YER YAP!!! YOU AIN'T FIT TO MENTION THE NAME OF PAT PIKE!!! WHATEVER HIS LITTLE QUIRKS-- THAT MAN SAVED THE WORLD!!!
WHAT'S THE LAST THING YOU SAVED, BESIDES TWO BUCKS N LAUNDRY MONEY BY WEARING YOUR SHORTS TWO DAYS IN A ROW?
PACK YOUR BAGS, WE'RE GOING ON A GUILT TRIP!!!


YOU WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF IT? C'MON, SONNY, I'LL KICK YOUR ASS ALL THE WAY UP TO THE CEMETERY WHERE HALF THE REAL TEAM SUPREME ARE BURIED!!!
IMPORTANT NEWS FLASH, KARL!!! YOU'VE ONLY SLOWED YOUR AGING!! I'VE STOPPED MINE!!! YOU WOULDN'T LAST THIRTY SECONDS IN A FAIR FIGHT!!

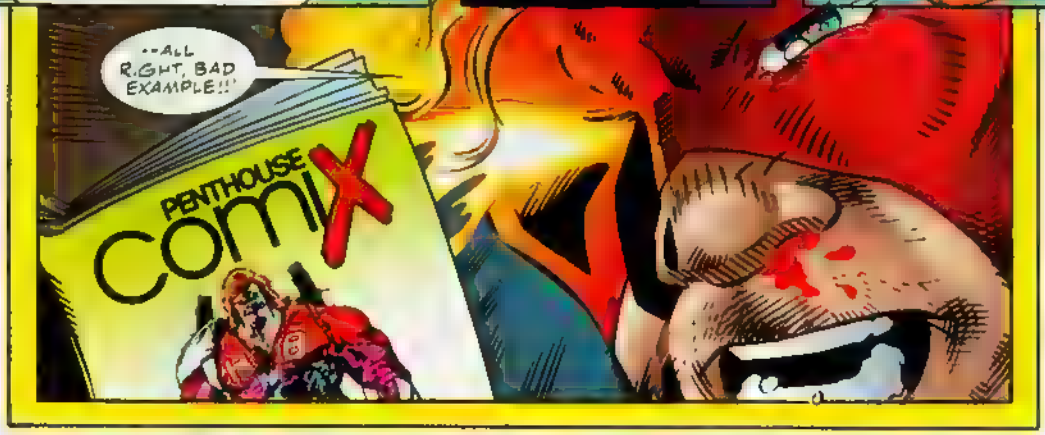

SWOT!
KRAAASH!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? TAKE OUT THAT FIVE FOOT GUN YOU'RE WAVING ON THE COVER OF YOUR COMIC AND PISTOL WHIP THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF ME?!!!


YOU KNOW ALL I GOT IS AN ENERGY BATON THAT MAKES A LOT OF NOISE AND LIGHT BUT REALLY DOESN'T DO MUCH OF ANYTHING!!!
RIGHT!! BECAUSE THAT SICK FUCK HOTBLOOD DOESN'T WANT ANYONE ELSE IN THE TEAM TO BE A FACTION OF HIS POWER!!! HE USED TO BE JUST GREEDY!! NOW HE'S NUTS!!!

I'M TELLING YOU AS A FRIEND--OR AS YOUR EXECUTIONER--GET THE HELL OUT OF THE TEAM SUPREME!
HEY--HOTBLOOD MAY NOT BE PERFECT BUT AT LEAST HE KEPT THE TEAM TOGETHER BY PUTTING OUT THESE COMICS! HE DIDN'T CUT AND RUN, LIKE YOU DID!!!

YEAH HE KEPT IT ALIVE TO BECOME THIS!!!
PISSING OVER EVERYTHING WE EVER WORKED FOR BY LANDING YOUR EXPLOITS IN THE THREE-FOR-A-DOLLAR BIN!!
3 FOR A DOLLAR

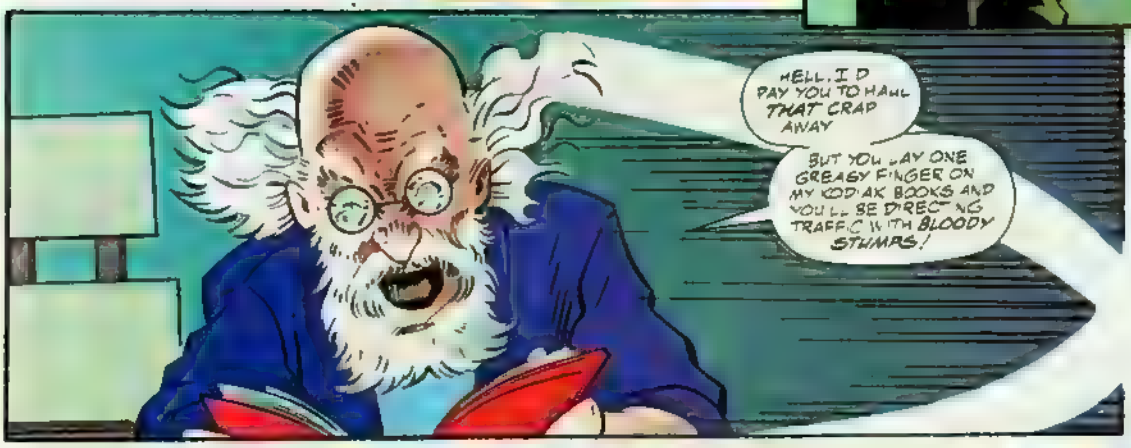
BULLSHIT--LOOK RIGHT HERE---


--ALL RIGHT, BAD EXAMPLE!!!
PENTHOUSE comiX

HOTBLOOD'S KILLING THE TEAM!, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO ABOUT IT?
HEY IT'S HIS TEAM TO DESTROY!

YOU MAKE ME SICK
THUNP!

HEY! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON IN MY STORE?!
WATCH IT BUDDY THIS CREEP HERE'S TRYING TO STEAL YOUR NEW TEAM SUPREME COMICS.

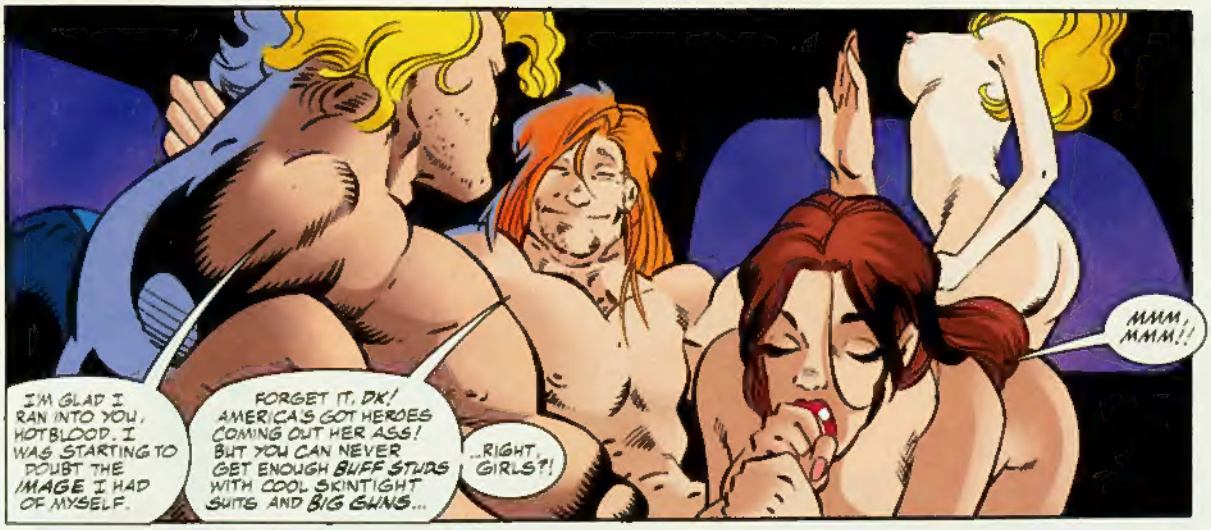

HELL, I'D PAY YOU TO HAUL THAT CRAP AWAY
BUT YOU LAY ONE GREASY FINGER ON MY KODIAK BOOKS AND YOU'LL BE DIRECTING TRAFFIC WITH BLOODY STUMPS!

SORRY FOR THE MESS, CHAMP GET IT FROM DEATHKILLER HERE
HE HAS THE CASH TO SPARE

HOLY CATS!! YOU'RE KODIAK, AREN'T YOU?

I CAN'T KEEP YOUR STUFF IN THE STORE!
PLEASE, MR KODIAK. I MEAN, KING, SIR. WOULD YOU AUTOGRAPH MY COMIC, SIR?
PENTHOUSE MEN'S ADVENTURE COMI
DON'T TELL ME MY JOHN HANCOCK IS GOING TO MAKE THIS OLD RAG WORTH AN EXTRA FIFTEEN CENTS!
YOUR AUTOGRAPH TRIPLES THE VALUE! NOT THAT I'D EVER LET IT OUT OF MY PRIVATE COLLECTION. HECK, THIS IS THE SORT OF THING A FATHER GIVES HIS SON WHEN HE BECOMES A MAN!
BETTER GET A SHOVEL FOR ALL THE BULLSHIT! SO YOU RECOGNIZE ME, FAN BOY, MEMBER OF THE TEAM SUPREME?!!
WHAT, YOU SOME KIND OF PURSE-SNATCHER?
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I'M THE TEAM SUPREME'S THIRD-RATE DAREDEVIL!...
EXCEPT I'M NOT BLIND.
ALSO, I'M SCARED OF ALL KINDS OF SHIT!
FOURTH AND MOST IMPORTANT, DAREDEVIL IS A COPYRIGHTED AND TRADEMARKED CHARACTER OWNED BY MARVEL COMICS AND ME OR ANYONE ELSE COPYING HIS SHTICK WOULD BE MOST FOULLY AND CRUELLY WRONG!!

YEAH, YEAH, WHATEVER. GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE BEFORE I CALL THE COPS!!
NICE MEETING YOU, MISTER KODIAK, SIR!! MERRY CHRISTMAS!
MOMENTS LATER--
I COULD HAVE KICKED KODIAK'S ASS ANY TIME I WANTED!! I KNOW IT--HE KNOWS IT, AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC KNOWS IT!!
...MERRY FREAKIN' CHRISTMAS... KODIAK AND HIS CANDY-ASSED "GOOD GUY" SPEECH... MUMBLE, GRUMBLE...
STEP ASIDE, WEENIE!!!
OOFF! WHO'S GONNA MAKE ME--?
BUMPA
DEATHKILLER!!
I JUST ROLLED AN OLD LAY FOR A COUPLE OF TURKEY DINNERS!! WANNA SPLIT 'EM?!
HOTBLOOD!!
THIS IS YOUR FIRST REAL FOOD IN WEEKS--AND YOU'LL SHARE IT WITH ME??!!--
NAH! I'M A MONSTER!! ASK ANYBODY!!
THE PROBLEM IS THAT YOU'RE ONLY GENEROUS ABOUT MONEY--
MONEY IS THE ONLY THING I HAVE A SURPLUS IN!! NICE HOLIDAY THOUGHT, HUH?


I'M GLAD I RAN INTO YOU, HOTBLOOD. I WAS STARTING TO DOUBT THE IMAGE I HAD OF MYSELF.
FORGET IT, DK! AMERICA'S GOT HEROES COMING OUT HER ASS! BUT YOU CAN NEVER GET ENOUGH BUFF STUDS WITH COOL SKINTIGHT SUITS AND BIG GUNS...
...RIGHT, GIRLS?!
MMM, MMM!!

SECONDS LATER...
HEY, OLD-TIMER.
AIN'T YOU GLORY-BOY DEATHKILLER'S GIRL?

I'M MY OWN GIRL. KNOW WHERE A GIRL CAN GET A DRINK? THE BAR HERE JUST CLOSED.

HELL, FOR A LITTLE OF THAT ACTION, I'LL TREAT YOU TO MY PRIVATE HOLIDAY STASH.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, SWEETHEART.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, HERO.

YOU SEE, SON? IN THE END OF COMICS IN THE OLD DAYS, THE HERO ALWAYS GOT THE GIRL.
THAT'S GREAT, DAD! WOULD YOU READ IT TO ME AGAIN?!
YOU BET.

TO DEATHKILLER,
SOME CIGARS SO WE CAN SMOKE TO THE GOOD PARS. MERRY CHRISTMAS!
--KARL KODIAK
THE END